

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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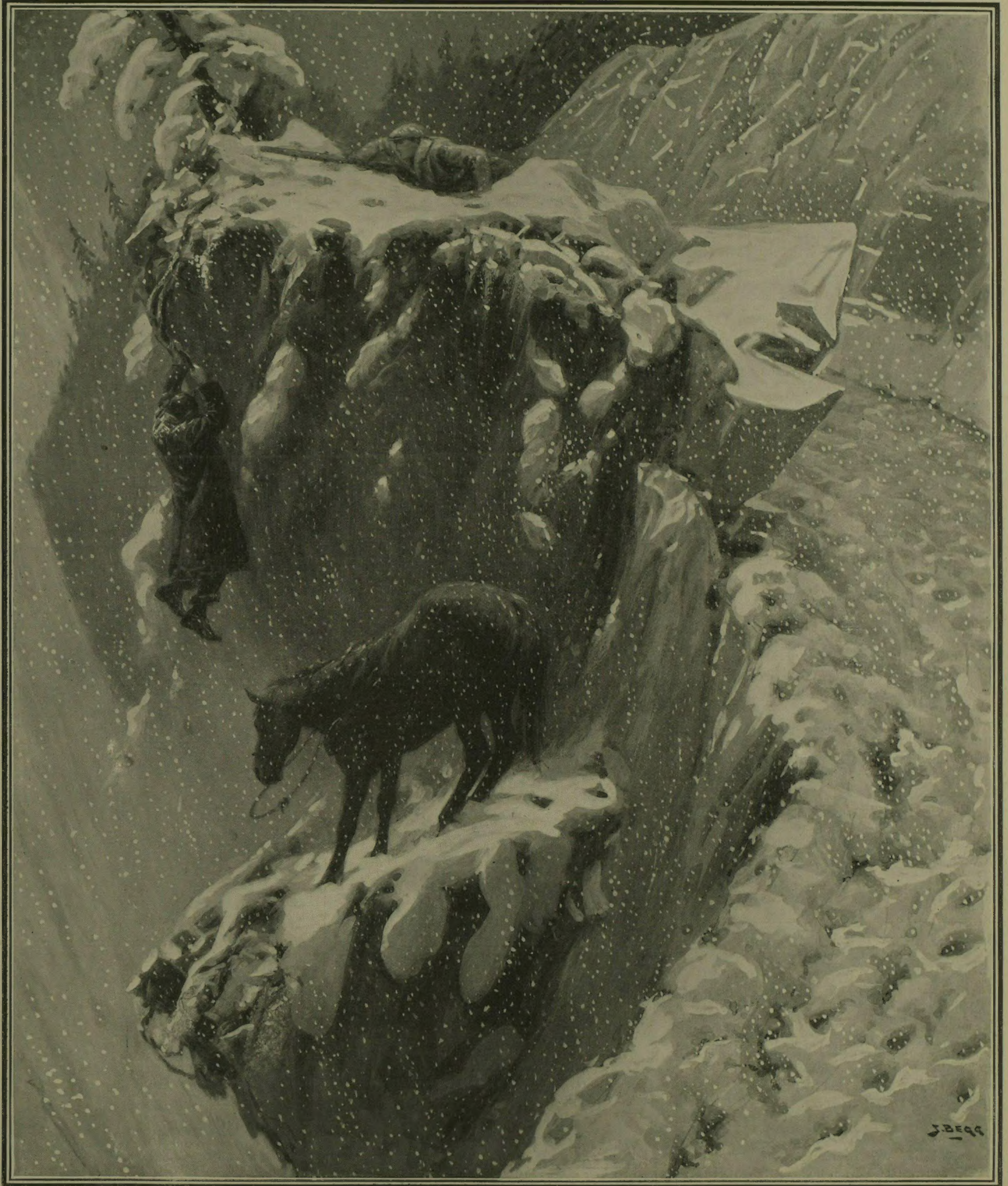
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

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Jim Callender (Mr. Lyn Harding).

Nigel Villiers (Mr. Basil Gill).



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The Lackey and the Lady. Tom Gallon.

JOHN LONG.  
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Illustrated by Paul Woodroffe. Songs by Joseph Morritt.

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A Child's Garden of Verses. R. L. Stevenson. Illustrated by Charles Robinson.

Arthur's. A. Neil Syms.

BLACKWOOD.  
The Heritage. Sydney C. Grier.

Captain Desmond, V.C. Maud Diver.

SEELEY.  
Adventures on the High Seas. Richard Stead.

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE MARRIAGES OF MAYFAIR." AT DRURY LANE.

DRURY LANE drama, in the shape it takes with Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton as authors, has more than one function. It is made to epitomise such recent events and topics of discussion as have impressed the public imagination. It provides spectacle that aims alternately at reproducing familiar everyday scenes and at realising the stupendous and sensational. Lastly, it furnishes a story of love and adventure usually placed amidst fashionable society and relieved by studies of Bohemian manners; but framed, of course, to suit the romantic conventions and show the ultimate triumph of innocence over scheming vice. The topic *par excellence* of the new play at the Lane is expressed by its title, "The Marriages of Mayfair"; but the story also covers a case of a disputed title, which may have been suggested by the Druce case, and there is at the same time a scene representing a robbery of Crown jewels from the Tower of London. The "villain," who engineers the theft, is also responsible for the scheme which deprives the hero, Nigel Villiers, temporarily of his peerage, and makes a Marchioness of his uncle's wife, a blatant music-hall actress. This variety "star" has a grudge to avenge on the hero's mother, who has snubbed her publicly, and therefore gladly prompts the down-at-heels Lord Adolphus to take advantage of the fact that his brother married again, after procuring a divorce, which is not recognised by English law. Thus we have various illustrations of West-End marriages in this piece, which are completed by the dilemma of Nigel himself, dispossessed of his title and engaged to marry a charming girl, whom he can hardly wed till he has recovered his peerage. The spectacular effects of the play include a picture of the Tower and its precincts—the heroine's father is keeper of the stolen Crown jewels—and a scene of an Alpine avalanche, which has an important effect in clearing up the mystery of the whereabouts of the first wife of the hero's father and in establishing Nigel's own legitimacy. On the whole the story written round these topics and pictures makes effective if rather far-fetched drama; our sentimental public can but be distressed at the sermons of a gallant young peer hurled from prosperity on the eve of marriage; and the comic interludes in which the revengeful "variety" actress and the husband whom she sickens of, his title, and her crowd of raffish associates figure, are sure to cause amusement. While as for pathos, an additional touch is given by the heroine's brother being supposed to steal the jewels and pay for his crime with his life; and in the matter of spectacle Mr. Arthur Collins has never invented any scene more realistic or suggestive of vast spaces than that of the avalanche. The manager of Drury Lane is extremely lucky in his interpreters. As the heroine, Miss Eva Moore broadens her methods, and yet is always sincere in her emotional moments. Mr. Basil Gill's handsome presence and fine voice are of service to him in the rôle of the hero. Miss Marie George's portrait of the music-hall Marchioness, and Mr. Chevalier's sketch of the peer who gladly sloughs his title, are genuine impersonations. But the chief plaudits on Monday night went to Mr. Lyn Harding, who had the novel sensation of playing the villain and yet winning the admiration, and not the hisses, of his audience.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

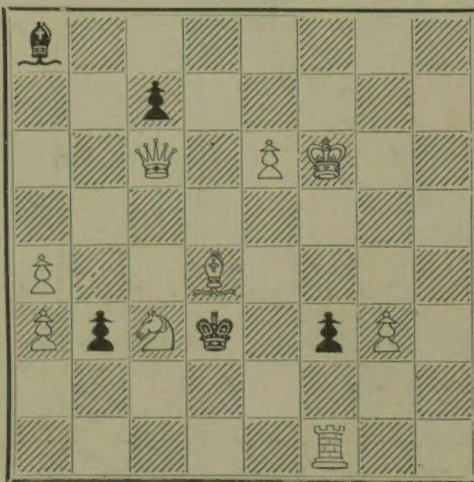
J P HEAD.—(1) The games will probably be published in book form, but we have not yet seen it advertised. (2) We shall be pleased to examine any problem you like to send us.

R G (Kensington). Thanks for your problem, but it is of a type that never found favour with the readers of this column.

P H WILLIAMS, A W DANIEL, AND A GROVES.—Problems received, with thanks.

PROBLEM No. 3360.—By E. MAUER (Berlin).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3357.—By A. GROVES.

WHITE

1. R to Q 2nd

2. R to K B sq

3. B or Kt mates.

BLACK

R to B sq

Any move

1. B takes P is also a solution.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3350 received from Arunchandra Singha (Calcutta) and J T S (Cairo); of No. 3351 from J T S and A Singha; of No. 3352 from A Singha, C A M (Penang), and Amar Natti Bhattacharyya (Santipur, India); of No. 3353 from J Maxwell; of No. 3354 from R H Couper (Malbone, U.S.A.); of No. 3355 from Carl Prencke (Hamburg), B M Messenger, and F R Pickering (Forest Hill); of No. 3357 from C Prencke, Stettin, F R Pickering, L McAdam (Southsea), M Mair, and J K (Glasgow).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3358 received from Sorrento, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H S Brandreth (Monnetier), Fred R Underhill (Norwich), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Nelly Morris (Winchelsea), A Groves, F Henderson, E J Winterwood, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R Worters (Canterbury), F R Pickering, R C Widdicombe (Saltash), Martin F, E Burke, and J P Head (Croydon).

## TALKS WITH TOM BINGLEY: DURING THE VACATION.

BY G. S. STREET.

XXXI.—BETWEEN THE ACTS.

COMING back to London in September has its pleasures, as I explained last week, for a true Cockney, but I confess that after a few days of it, especially in this St. Martin's summer, one rather wants to go away again, and I should like to follow Tom to Strath something or other. Go, however, at present I cannot, and if I could I could not go there, not being "a gun," a rather primitive disability for this professedly over-civilised age. I do not suppose there is a telephone there, and if there were Tom would hardly desert his grouse—whether shooting or eating them—to talk politics on it for this column. What is to be done? Someone has suggested that I should invent a conversation; but from that dishonesty my soul recoils. I might draw, no doubt, on recollections of his wisdom, but, on the whole, I think I will give him a rest this week, and use the space for some slight apologia for him. It may not, I hope it may not, be widely needed, but one correspondent at least desires it, and it would be churlish to refuse what can be given with so little trouble.

My friend objects to poor Tom (1) that Tom is a commonplace sort of fellow, and (2) that he, the friend, is not interested in an idle, rich man who goes about amusing himself. "The world is full," says he, "of strange, wonderful people who say and do extraordinary things, of sad, pathetic people who suffer monstrously: why not write of them instead of this self-satisfied, fortunate creature? You must know many keen-witted, intellectual men: why not tell us what they say?" My friend is eloquent, but something over-confident, I think. The sad, pathetic people, alas! I know too well, and I hope their existence is not ignored in these little conversations; but I am not employed to make my readers cry every week, am I? The wonderful people, however, with their extraordinary sayings and doings, seem unkindly to avoid me as I grow older. Perhaps it is that I do not see the trees for the wood, but their number seems badly diminished in my environment since I was a young man. Some that I knew have come to grief, some to be bores, some exposed as merely eccentric. A few remain, but these I think I will enjoy in private. Then, too, dear friend, I am limited by my subject, which is primarily Parliament: your wonderful people are apt not to follow its proceedings; I know one who says extraordinary things, but I am certain has never mastered the Licensing Bill, nor knows the difference between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Haldane. And as for the keen-witted, intellectual men, what they say is not always to be published, or they may prefer to publish it themselves and object to having their brains picked. Tom, good, easy man, is quite indifferent to that. Besides, your intellectual men don't always talk accordingly; you may sometimes listen to them for an hour, and hear nothing but vintages or golf experiences, very instructive, but not what my earnest friend demands.

So I do what I can and fall back on Tom, and really, now I look at him steadily, he has a very positive justification. I understand my friend's objections to rich men who do not have to work as a class; but in contemporary England as we know it we have to reckon with them as a powerful class, and especially where Parliament is concerned; you see, the poor men, who do have to work, will insist on voting for them. That is our English democracy. It will not vote for the intellectually distinguished, as such; it will vote for ordinary men, and ordinary men who are free to stand are so often the accidentally rich. Perhaps that is true democracy. Mr. Chesterton has remarked—I think so, at least; it sounds like him, but I may have invented it myself—that our hereditary House of Lords is a perfectly democratic body precisely because those legislators are not chosen by merit, but are the "accident of an accident"—neither Mr. Chesterton nor I invented that—and, indeed, I think "the will of the people" would find an Upper House chosen strictly for merit a harder nut to crack. So when the democracy sends ordinary men like Tom, who happen to be able to afford it, to represent them in Parliament, the result may be true democracy and not the plutocracy it is sometimes called—I won't venture to say. In any case they are sent. If I were one of the ill-nourished, pale, careworn men I have seen in docks—in Newcastle and elsewhere—and in the streets of our famous manufacturing towns, I should be tempted to vote for anyone who could hurry on the end of the world, but our democracy is more hopeful.

So there is this class. I may not like it altogether. I may think it far too numerous, even if it were far more public-spirited than it is, and I may regret that it is too much of a mere spending machine, too little given to objects I have at heart. I may think we others pay too high a price for it. But there it is, powerful and likely to continue so, and therefore Tom is politically interesting. We are forced to appeal to its "good will," in Mr. Wells's phrase, and Tom's chief political interest for me is that his good will is fairly promising. He admits that he owes something to the community, and even philosophically accepts the Death Duties, which will finish his family property in three removes if he and his successors live up to their incomes. He does his best to understand public questions. He is aware that England is not a planet by itself, and must be ready to face attack, and would even make personal sacrifices to that end. Here, at least, poor Tom, who would be thought antediluvian in his social opinions by my Socialist friends, shows a greater readiness to accept the facts of life than they; how they have belaboured their unlucky Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman for daring to mention an uncomfortable truth! In all this he may be better than his class, but one must have a beginning, and I'll try to egg him on to influence it. So I think Tom must satisfy even my disapproving friend on general grounds. As for any more personal and individual qualities, I can only say I like the fellow, and am sorry if my friend does not.



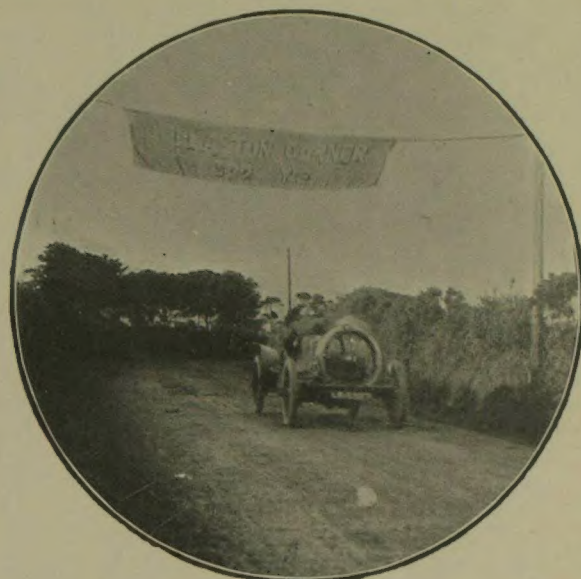
# A MUCH-CONDEMNED CONTEST: DANGEROUS POINTS OF THE FOUR-INCH-RACE COURSE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.



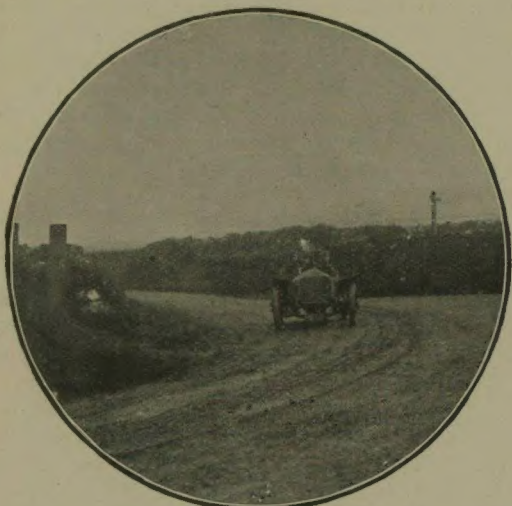
A GREAT DANGER-POINT: A CAR SKIDDING AT WILLASTON CORNER.



THE SAME CAR RECOVERING AFTER THE SKID AT WILLASTON CORNER.



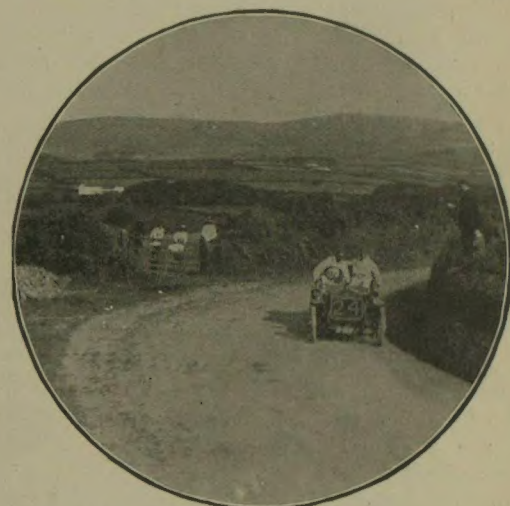
ONE OF THE BANNERS STRETCHED ACROSS THE ROAD TO WARN COMPETITORS OF DANGER-POINTS.



A CAR AT KEPPEL GATE, A VERY SHARP CORNER.



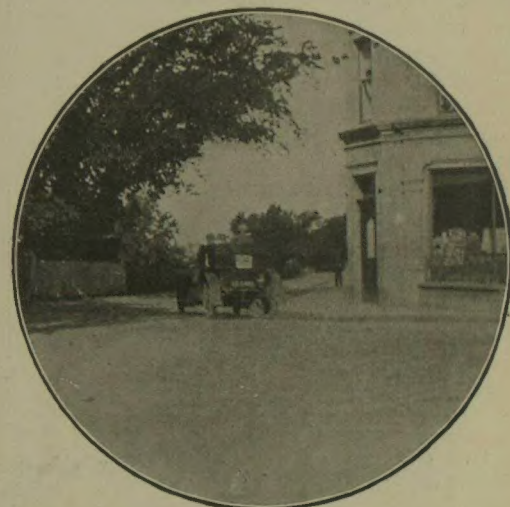
THE COURSE OF THE TOURIST TROPHY FOUR-INCH RACE.



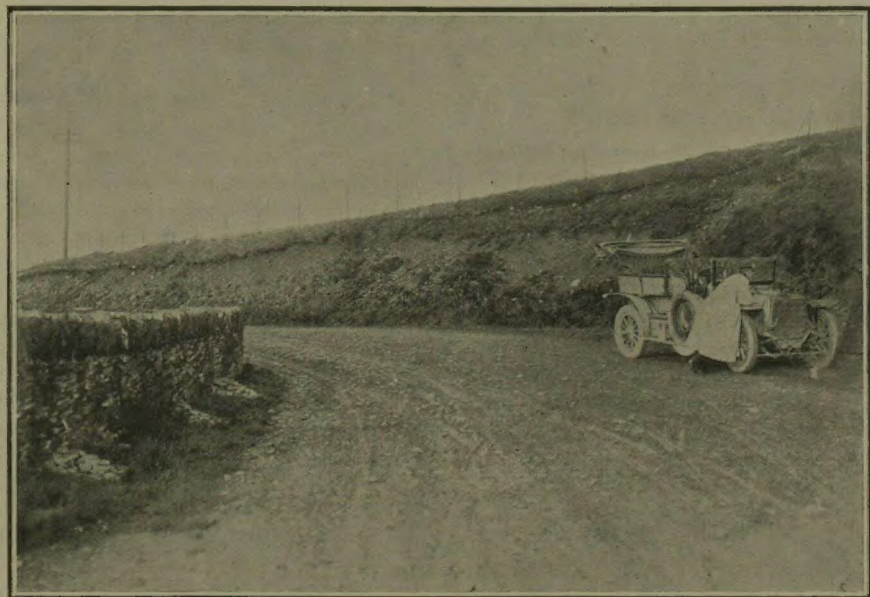
THE SHARP TURN AT HILBERRY CORNER.



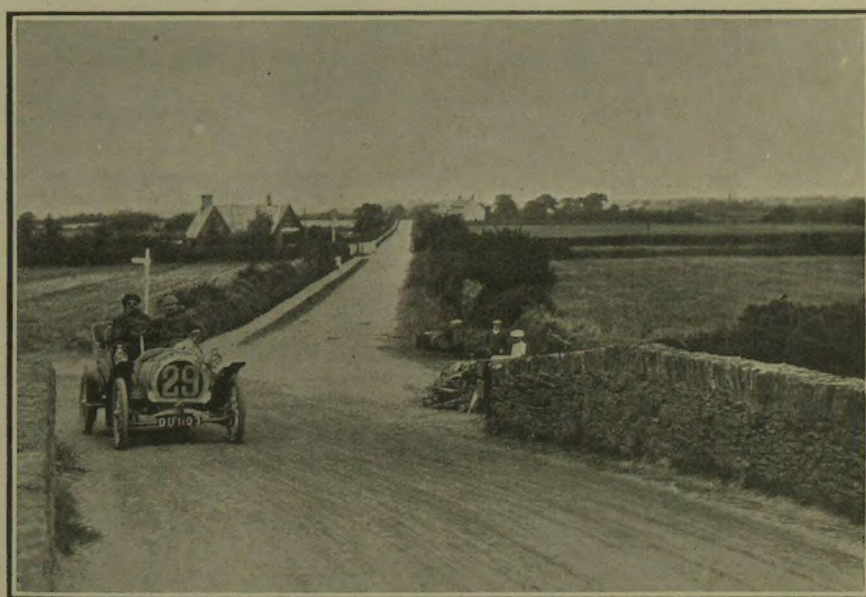
AT BALLACRAINE CORNER, ANOTHER DANGER-SPOT.



THE TYPE OF ROAD AFTER BALLAUGH.



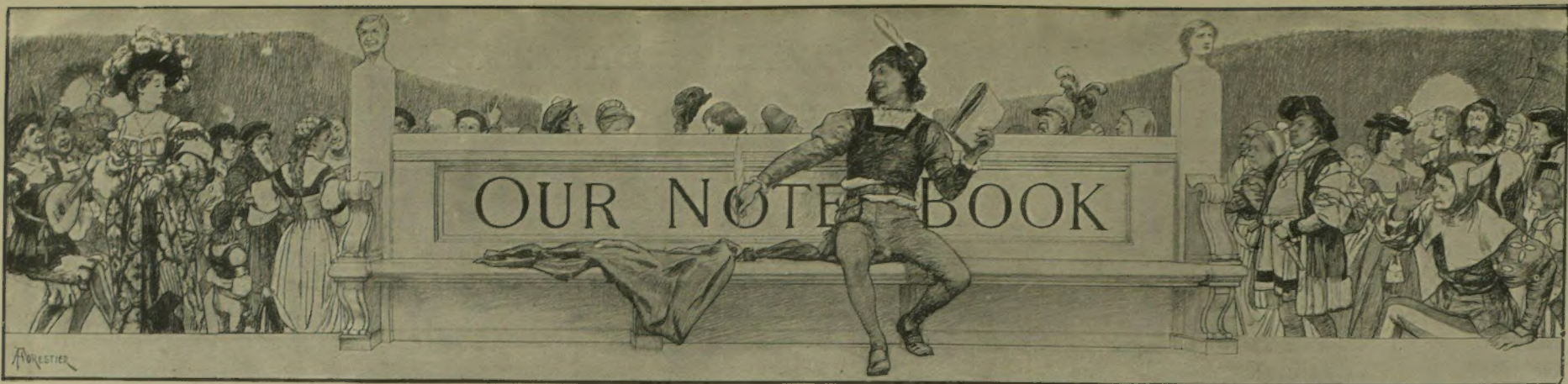
THE WORST PIECE OF ROAD ON THE COURSE, ON SNAE FELL.



SULBY BRIDGE, A VERY DANGEROUS SPOT.

The Tourist Trophy Four-Inch Race, which it was arranged should be held over a course in the Isle of Man on Thursday of this week, met with very considerable opposition on the part of a section of the Press and a good many motorists. Indeed, the Motor Union went so far as to dissociate itself officially from the contest, the President arguing that it was impossible for a man to be a considerate driver or motorist if indulging in road-racing. Other opponents of the race based their arguments against its taking place on the dangers of the course. Many said that these were much exaggerated; but quite a number of accidents that took place during the practices gave them cause for reflection. Everything possible was done to minimise the risk to competitors and spectators. Our photographs were taken during the practices.—[MAP REPRODUCED FROM THE "AUTOCAR" BY COURTESY OF THE EDITOR; PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.]





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE proceedings of the Congress at Oxford for discussing the History of Religions seem to have been highly fascinating. Whatever folklore and mythology may be, they are not dull; and it is the fault of the students if they are pedantic. They contain in abundance the two most popular and poignant elements: the comic and the terrible. The very names of sections and subjects of lectures sound like poetry: "Bird and Pillar Worship"—"The Sky Father and the Earth Mother"—"Tree Worship"—"Taboo"; and so on. I can never hear of one of these savage or idolatrous faiths without wishing that I belonged to it. When I read of savages worshipping an odd-looking stone, I think what sensible fellows they must be. When I am told of a chieftain who believes he is descended from a shark, I wish sincerely that I could share his delusion. As a matter of intellect and conviction I believe in one religion; but, as a matter of fancy and sympathy I can believe in any number. Charles Lamb said he could read any books, not counting books that were not books—such as works of history, science, philosophy, and politics. So I say that I can feel a sympathy with any religion that is a religion; I don't count the Higher Pantheism or the New Theology or the Newest Theosophy or the Christianity of Tolstoy. I mean real jolly religions, where you do something—bang on a gong or attempt to worship a bear. The study of this sort of religious history is really exciting and amusing; and it is a good sign that some of the most interesting matters discussed at Oxford were discussed in a direct and human sort of way. It is always pleasant to see the name of Mr. Marett, of Exeter, who spoke on "Taboo"; he is one example of a learned man who talks of man's primitive conditions like a man, and not only like a Don. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that these Congresses of creeds and theories suffer from certain primary disadvantages (disadvantages in the logical idea of the thing) which were even more manifest in such things as the Parliament of Religions which was held some years ago at Chicago.

The root difficulty of the Parliament of Religions was this: that it was offered as a place where creeds could agree; whereas its real interest would have been that of a place where they could disagree. Creeds must disagree: it is the whole fun of the thing. If I think the universe is triangular, and you think it is square, there cannot be room for two universes. We may argue politely, we may argue humanely, we may argue with great mutual benefit; but, obviously, we must argue. Modern toleration is really a tyranny. It is a tyranny because it is a silence. To say that I must not deny my opponent's faith is to say I must not discuss it; I may not say that Buddhism is false, and that is all I want to say about Buddhism. It is the only interesting thing that anybody can want to say about Buddhism—either that it is false or that it is true. But in these modern assemblies, supposed to be tolerant and scientific, there is spread a general and tacit agreement that there shall be no violent assertion or negation of faith; and this is not only hypocritical, but unbusinesslike, for it is not getting to the point. In short, the awkwardness of a real congress of creeds is merely this: that if two absolute creeds meet, they will probably fight; and if they do not fight, there is really not much value in their having met. It is absurd to have a discussion on Comparative Religions if you don't compare them. And if the representatives of two energetic Eastern philosophies do begin to compare them, there is, of course, always the possibility that this delicate scientific analysis may be conducted with long curved knives.

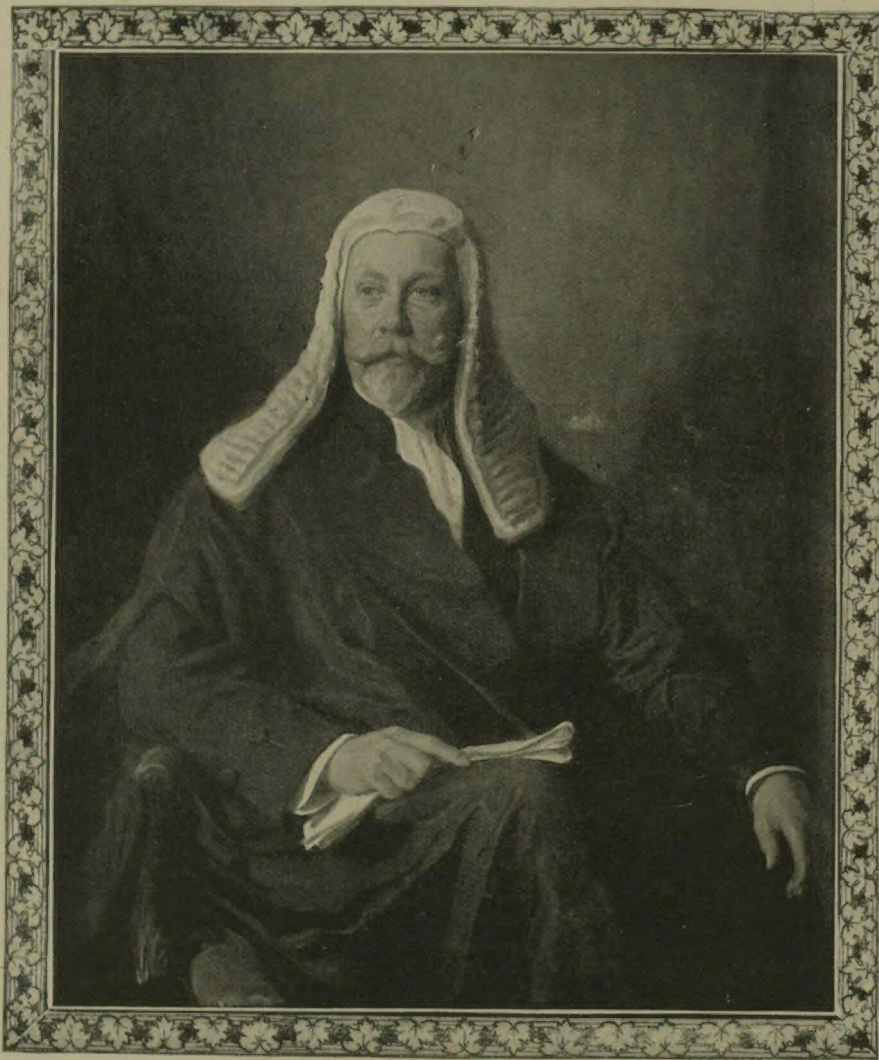
Then there is another difficulty, or accidental disadvantage, which besets these attempts to bring all the faiths of our planet face to face. It is that it so often happens (for some mysterious reason) that the representatives who meet each other are exactly the people who are not representative. They are generally eccentrics, or even heretics, in their own land. The ambassador is always an exile. In the presidential address on "The Religions of India and Iran," Professor Rhys Davids "referred incidentally to the work of a Parsee ecclesiastic of Bombay, and said it was a sign of the times that we had a Parsee ecclesiastic, banished from his own country, publishing a book in Leipsic in the German language." It may be a sign of the times, but I do not think it is a nice one. I know no harm of the Parsee ecclesiastic, and

may be questioned whether those who come to us in the name of vast and unknown religions, from Burma or Tibet via Leipsic, are quite plenipotentiary. Some of these envoys have not been so much sent forth as chucked out.

In speaking of this difficulty also I am, of course, thinking rather of the large emotional aims of the Parliament of Religions than of the more scientific objects of the International Congress for the History of Religions. But even to the recent business at Oxford these two criticisms do to some extent apply. You will never get the thoroughly typical man of any land or creed to talk at Congresses or give evidence on scientific commissions. You will never get the Irish peasant who really is Catholicism or the Dutch farmer who really is Protestantism, into this atmosphere of analysis at all. These men are too representative to fit into a representative system.

And lastly, of course, there is always cropping up in connection with such occasions what I may call the fallacy of the open mind. An open mind is really a mark of foolishness, like an open mouth. Mouths and minds were made to shut; they were made to open only in order to shut. In direct connection with this question of mythology and human belief the point may roughly be put thus: An extraordinary idea has arisen that the best critic of religious institutions is the man who talks coldly about Religion. Nobody supposes that the best critic of music is the man who talks coldly about music. Within reasonable bounds, the more excited the musician is about music, the more he is likely to be right about it. Nobody thinks a man a correct judge of poetry because he looks down on poems. But there is an idea that a man is a correct judge of religion because he looks down on religions. Now, folklore and primitive faiths, and all such things are of the nature of music and poetry in this respect—that the actual language and symbols they employ require not only an understanding, they require what the Bible very finely calls an understanding heart. You must be a little moved in your emotions even to understand them at all; you must have a heart in order to make head or tail of them. Consequently, whenever I hear on these occasions that beliefs are being discussed scientifically and calmly, I know that they are being discussed wrong. Even a false religion is too genuine a thing to be discussed calmly. That the distinguished gentlemen at Oxford spoke placidly and with precision about ghosts or totems, witches or taboos, does not impress me at all in favour of the justice of their conclusions. I should be much more impressed if Mr. Marett shuddered from

head to foot on the platform when he mentioned a taboo. I should feel nearer to accuracy if Professor Rhys Davids, while lecturing on Indian religions, went into a raging ecstasy on the platform and then tumbled down in a Buddhist trance. I should be more enlightened if Miss Jane Harrison, of Newnham College, instead of solemnly lecturing on "Bird and Pillar Worship," had stood up stiff like a pillar or fluttered about like a bird. It was interesting, no doubt, to hear Sir John Rhys deliver a lecture on Welsh traditions; but it would have been even more interesting to see him fulfil some Welsh traditions—suddenly produce a harp and smite its chords or fling himself into some goat-like mountaineering. I say it would be more amusing, but it would also be more convincing. For then we should know that those who were studying fables and faiths had at least some conception of what goes to make a credible faith or even a credible fable; we should know for the first time that the professors in a literal sense really knew what they were talking about.



Photo, Tassell.

**CUMBERLAND'S TRIBUTE TO MR. SPEAKER: THE PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF GIVEN TO THE RIGHT HON. W. J. LOWTHER BY THE COUNTY.**

On Tuesday last Carlisle honoured the Speaker of the House of Commons, who is so closely associated with that borough, by making him a freeman; and it was further arranged that Mr. Lowther should be presented with the portrait of himself that is here illustrated yesterday (the 25th). The picture, which was subscribed for by the county of Cumberland, is by the Hungarian artist, M. Laszlo, who settled in this country a few years ago after his marriage to Miss Guinness, a cousin of Lord Iveagh.

I do not even know who banished him. But if he was banished by his own people, I should certainly prefer to learn about the Parsee religion from some Parsee whom other Parsees could stand. And even if he was banished by some alien power, I do not think it makes for clearing things up, or for greater lucidity and mutual understanding, that he should be writing about the deepest matters in a language in which he does not think in a town which he cannot understand. It is hard enough anyhow, I should imagine, for an Englishman like myself to understand the real mind of a Parsee; but I resolutely decline to investigate his real mind if it is mixed up with an Indian's notions of what will go down at Leipsic. This is a real difficulty, not by any means confined to this question; the difficulty that those who seek to unite creeds or nations are not generally those who have the creeds and nations in sufficient strength behind them. Russia is not behind Tolstoy, nor France behind M. Pressensé, or England behind Mr. Stead. So it



## THE COTTON LOCK-OUT: A WAR OF WOMEN.

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO. OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT OLDHAM.



UNION WOMEN TRYING TO PREVENT WOMEN "BLACKLEGS" ENTERING COLDHURST HALL MILL AT OLDHAM.

It has been said, and with a good deal of truth, that in all probability the historian of the future will write of the present cotton lock-out as the woman's cotton war. At the moment there are thirty-eight thousand members of the Cardroom Workers' Union on strike, and of these no fewer than twenty-four thousand are women and girls. The daughters of a family of operatives will often make a pound a week apiece, and in a good many cases the mother of the family works also.





Photo, Russell.  
REAR-ADMIRAL F. C. D. STURDEE,  
Just promoted to Flag Rank.

CAPTAIN F. C. D. Sturdee, who has been promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, is the Assistant-Director of that most

important branch of the Service, the Naval Intelligence Department. He has seen plenty of active service, having served all through the Egyptian War of 1882, including the bombardment of Alexandria, and he commanded the British Force in Samoa in 1899. Sandwiched between these two varied experiences of war-service, he held the office of Assistant to the Director of Naval Ordnance.

Miss Violet Asquith, who has had such a terrifying adventure on the cliffs near Slains Castle, in Aberdeenshire, is one of a group of sisters, for the Prime Minister has no fewer than seven daughters. Miss Asquith is exceedingly popular in Society, and she was prominent at all the big Government functions during the season in London this year, and has acted as hostess for her father on occasions when Mrs. Asquith has been unable to be present.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN,  
To be British Minister at the Hague.

Photo, Russell.  
LATE RT. REV. J. CARMICHAEL,  
Bishop of Montreal.

### PERSONAL AND WORLD'S NEWS.

years later he was stationed in Vienna, after which he went to Berne, where he acted as *Chargé d'Affaires* on several occasions, and became later the Secretary of Legation.



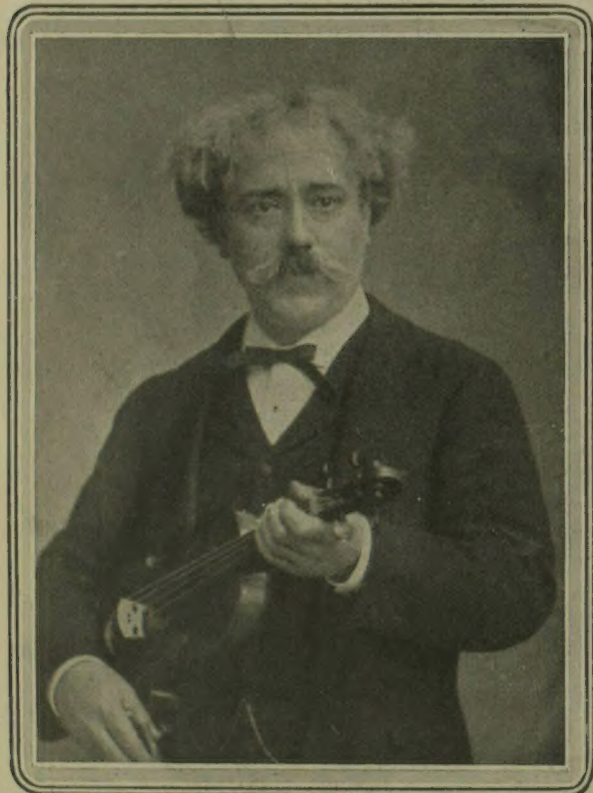
Photo, Kate Pragnell.  
MISS VIOLET ASQUITH,  
Who has met with a disconcerting adventure.

Next he went to Darmstadt, and then, to add to his Japanese and European experience, he went as British Agent to the Venezuelan Arbitration Tribunal. His later posts have been Secretary to the Embassy at Rome and Berlin, and Minister Plenipotentiary at Sofia—which must have given him a knowledge of the

The Rt. Rev. James Carmichael, Bishop of Montreal, whose death has just taken place, was in England only a few months ago for the Pan-Anglican Congress, in which he took a very prominent part. He was taken ill quite suddenly whilst preaching in his cathedral on Sunday last, and died the next morning. He was ordained in 1859, and in 1876 he became assistant minister of St. George's, Montreal. After serving a short period as rector of the Church of the Ascension, at Hamilton, Ontario, he returned to his old parish of St. George's, where he stayed for nearly twenty-five years. He became Dean of Montreal in 1883, and was made a Bishop in 1902.

Colonel Sir David Bruce, who is going to Africa to study the sleeping-sickness, has risked his life many a time on similar scientific investigations. He was Director of the Royal Society's Commission for the Investigation of Sleeping-Sickness five years ago, and he was afterwards Director of the Commission for the

Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
COLONEL SIR DAVID BRUCE,  
Expert on Sleeping-Sickness.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE SEÑOR SARASATE,  
The Famous Violinist.

Tall, handsome, and very picturesque in attire, she commands attention wherever she goes.

By the death of Sarasate, the famous violinist, the world lost one of the few who have begun as infant prodigies and have attained to something great in after-life, for Sarasate was one of the finest musicians of his age, and his knowledge of technique has probably never been surpassed. He became famous at the age of ten, and from that time onwards he had the whole of the music-loving world at his feet. His first appearance in England was in 1861, and he afterwards became very attached to this country, visiting it time after time; and, although he never learned to speak English properly, he formed many friendships here. The Duke of Edinburgh used often to play duets with him in private, and he had another great friend in Sir Arthur Sullivan. His personality, like that of most musicians, was somewhat eccentric and picturesque, and he had many strange adventures during the course of his career.

Sir George Buchanan, who is to succeed Sir Henry Howard as British Minister at the Hague, has probably had a more varied experience than any man in the Diplomatic Service. From Rome, as Third Secretary, at the beginning of his career, he was promoted to Japan, becoming Second Secretary at Tokio in 1879. Three



Photo, Transpuz.  
EL MENEHBI,  
The right hand of the Sultan Mulai Hafid.

world that most men would envy. He is married to Lady Georgiana, daughter of the sixth Earl of Bathurst, and they have one daughter.



Photo, Half-tones.  
KIAMIL PASHA,  
Grand Vizier of Turkey.

Investigation of Mediterranean Fever. On these occasions he has been greatly helped by his wife, who accompanies him as assistant and secretary, and they both went through the siege of Ladysmith together during the South African War.

Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizier of Turkey, has been greatly gratified by the flattering reference to him which was made by King Edward in his congratulatory telegram to the Sultan on the anniversary of his accession. The King said: "I beg your Majesty to accept my most warm congratulations on the occasion of the first anniversary of your accession since the promulgation of the Constitution. There is every reason to hope that, under the able direction of so eminent a Grand Vizier, your Majesty's Empire will have a peaceful and prosperous future, and that the veneration of posterity will be secured for your Majesty."

El Menebhi, who was formerly Minister of War and a great personal favourite of the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, is speedily making himself the most important personage in the official *entourage* of the new Sultan Mulai Hafid, and he has just been appointed Kaid of Alcazar, in succession to Ermiki. He was latterly in disgrace with the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, owing to his unsuccessful generalship during the campaign of four years ago against a pretender to the throne. He is very

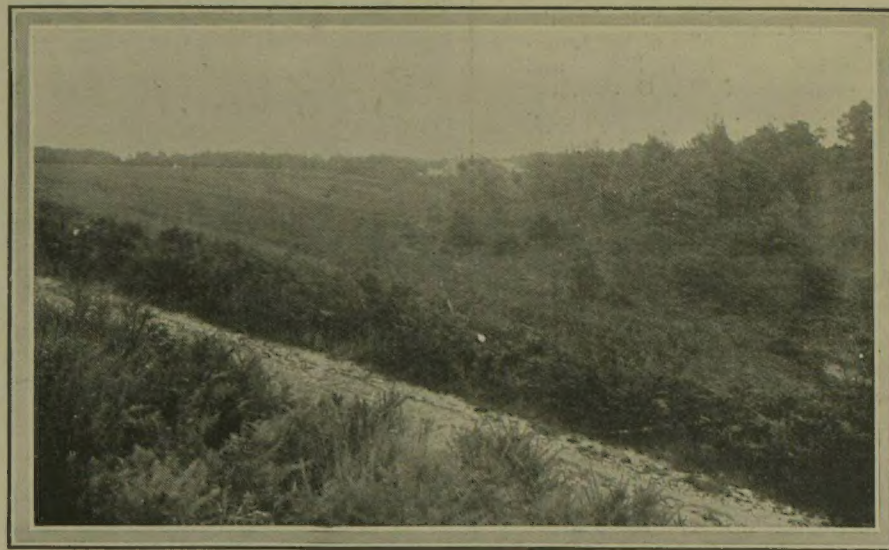
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# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



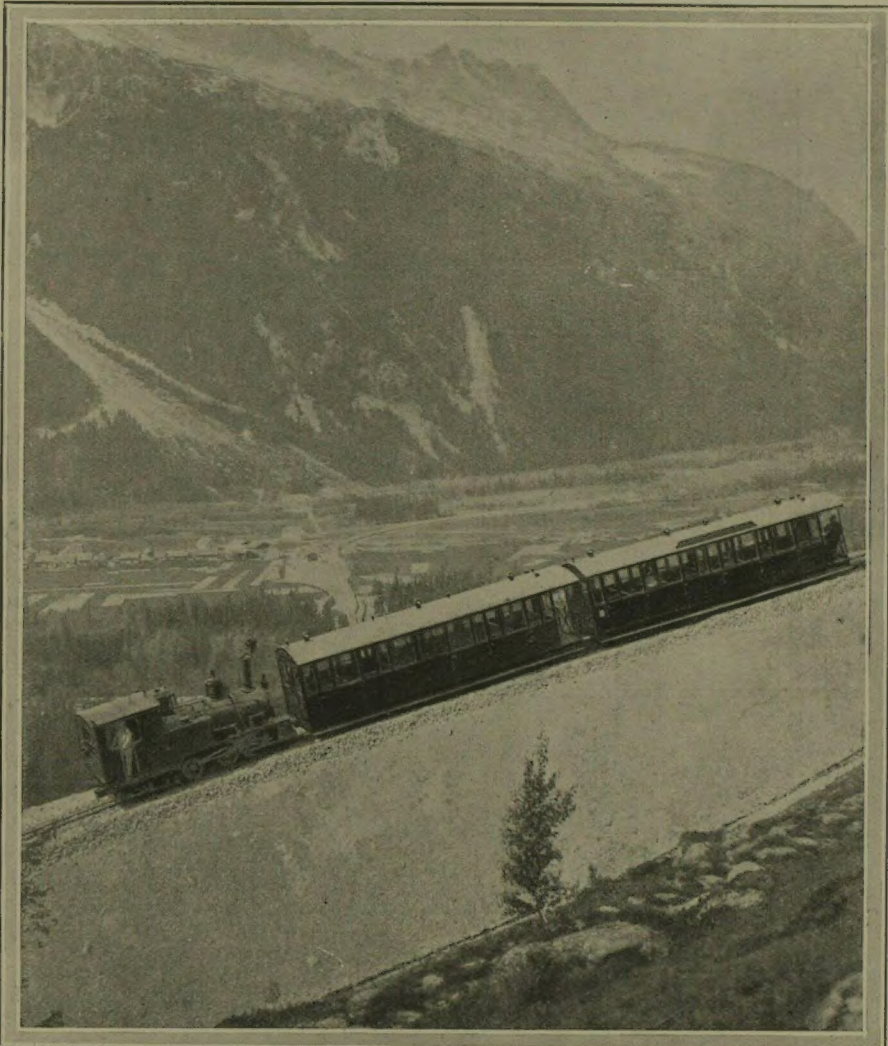
ONE OF THE TRACTS OF LAND BETWEEN SHOTTERMILL AND THE HUTS.



THE SECOND OF THE TRACTS OF LAND: THE CHASE, OR BRAMSHOTT CHASE.

## THE SUPERB TRACTS OF HEATHLAND THAT HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO THE NATION.

By the munificence of Miss James, of Westdown, who is resident at Hindhead, two superb tracts of heathland have become the property of the people. The first of these tracts is known as The Chase, or Bramshott Chase, and is on the Portsmouth Road, about halfway between the Huts (the highest point of the road) and Liphook. The second tract is on the western bank of the long valley which runs from Shottermill to the Huts. Miss James, who has handed over the land to the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, has not only given the land, but has provided direct access to it from the Portsmouth Road by means of paths cut through the heather.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.]



THE NEW RAILWAY LINE FROM CHAMONIX TO THE MER DE GLACE.



Photo. Dietschl.

THE GREAT SPAN OF THE WIESEN VIADUCT UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

## REMARKABLE FEATS OF ENGINEERING: THE WIESEN VIADUCT: AND A TRAIN THAT CLIMBS MONT BLANC.

The Wiesen Viaduct will bring Davos into direct communication with the railways of the Alboula, which lead from Wiesen to the Engadine. The viaduct is to be built of stone, and its chief arch will have a height of 90 metres and a width of 55 metres. The railway from Chamonix to the Mer de Glace has just been inaugurated, and has already proved most successful. The Mer de Glace, it may be recalled, is the lower part of the Glacier du Géant on Mont Blanc, and, with several other glaciers, overlooks the Valley of Chamonix.



PARLIAMENTARIANS IN CONFERENCE: MEMBERS OF THE INTER-PARLIAMENTARY CONGRESS AT BERLIN.

In the afternoon of the last day of the Inter-Parliamentary Congress at Berlin the Imperial Chancellor gave a garden-party in honour of the delegates in the grounds of his official residence. Addressing the British representatives in English, Prince Bülow gave them the assurance, not only that he personally was glad to see them, but that the German Emperor and the German people desired to maintain none but the best relations with England.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHERL.]



ambitious, and seems destined to loom large in the future of Morocco.

**An Australian Navy.** In Australia the visit of the American Fleet, and the proposals of Mr. Deakin, the Prime Minister, that the Commonwealth shall have a navy of its own, have created unusual interest, whilst it is understood that the Admiralty here have also approved of Mr. Deakin's ideas in the main. Roughly, the scheme provides for the expenditure of £430,000 a year on harbour and coast defence, and £230,000 a year on the construction of a local flotilla. It is proposed to establish a military college and schools which would permit all ranks to qualify for any position. The total naval and military expenditure proposed by Mr. Deakin would average about £1,800,000 for the first three years, and would mean the establishment of an army of 200,000 men and a flotilla of fifteen harbour and coast-defence vessels.

#### Aeroplane Records.

The brothers Wright, of aeroplane fame, whose experiments in America were for so long wrapped in unfathomable mystery, seem now to have entered into a strenuous, though friendly, rivalry with one another, as to who shall break the greater number of records in public. Unfortunately, after breaking all records up to that time, Mr. Orville Wright, in America, had a very serious accident, owing to the breaking of one of his propeller-blades. The aeroplane, propellers and rudder being useless, pitched heavily to the ground, injuring Mr. Wright very severely, and killing his fellow-passenger. A few days later Mr. Wilbur Wright, in Paris, having heard that his brother was progressing satisfactorily, removed his own aeroplane from the shed, where it had had a few days' rest, and beat all his own, his brother's, and everybody



THE WALLABIES: THE AUSTRALIAN RUGBY TEAM NOW VISITING ENGLAND.

It was suggested that the team should be known as the "Wallabies," or as the "Waratahs," and they have now decided officially to be known by the former name. The team's badge is a waratah, a bulbous flower, almost scarlet in colour, that is peculiar to New South Wales. The members of the team, reading from left to right, are as follows: (Front Row) D. B. Carroll (three-quarter), P. Carmichael, C. E. Parkinson, W. Dix, Malcolm McArthur, H. F. Daly, F. Wood (vice-captain), J. Hickey, J. M. Stevenson; (Second Row) A. J. McCabe (three-quarter), C. H. McKivat (five-eighth), C. Russell (three-quarter), F. Bede Smith, H. M. Moran (captain), J. McMahon (manager), E. F. Mandible, T. J. Barnett, T. S. Griffin, Ward Prentice, S. M. Wickham; (Back Row) Sidney Melville (trainer), B. R. Craig, J. T. Richards, P. Flanagan (forward), P. McCue, S. A. Middleton (forward), P. H. Burge, N. E. Row, C. A. Hammond, C. McMurtrie, E. J. McIntyre.

else's records by performing a flight extending over an hour and a half, and covering between forty and fifty miles, without once touching the earth.

#### The Trouble in Lancashire

Amongst home affairs, the prospect of a gigantic cotton crisis has monopolised attention during the past week. Luckily, the situation does not appear to be altogether impossible of adjustment in a manner satisfactory to all parties, and a special official of the Home Office is already in Lancashire in the hopes of a speedy settlement, while Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill

Photo. Agence Generale.

THE RAILWAY-CARRIAGE BED: A NEW DEVICE FOR THE COMFORT OF PASSENGERS IN WAGONS-DE-LUXE.

The new device has been adopted by the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Company, and marks yet another step in the gradual advance that all railways are making in their endeavours to study the comfort of passengers. There is little doubt that the contrivance will be popular.

have also interested themselves in the matter. The dispute is over a question of the reduction of wages owing to bad trade, which the masters wish to

come into operation in January next. The spinners have agreed to this, but the operatives wished to have time for a second ballot of their members. This was refused, and so the war began. Nearly five hundred mills have ceased to work. At its worst, the lock-out may affect three million people, and will cause a stagnation of the whole trade of Lancashire, with a loss in wages amounting to nearly a million pounds a week; but at present there seems considerable hope of a speedy settlement.

#### The Bath in which Marat was Killed.

The letter to which we refer under our photograph of the bath in which Marat was killed reads as follows: "SIR,—I have read your book. You saw the room in which Marat bathed, but I doubt whether you have come across his bath. I have been luckier. It is not an ordinary bath; it is shaped like a copper sabot, and is covered, only allowing sufficient space to get in. It is not long enough for a man to

be able to stretch comfortably. On the upper part there are two hooks, which could be used to support a desk." In M. Lenotre's "Paris Revolutionnaire" the following details are also given: "A sort of stool in copper is fixed to the bath, which enables the bather to sit and write. Under this stool the heating apparatus was placed. The bath has not been used since the murder, and even now, perhaps, the blood-marks of the 'Friend of the People' can be seen. At least, the sulphur and other chemicals used by Marat, who, as is known, suffered from a skin disease, have left their trace on the metal. After passing through many hands, the bath came into the possession of the Curé of Sargeau, who sold it to the Grévin Museum for the sum of 3000 francs."

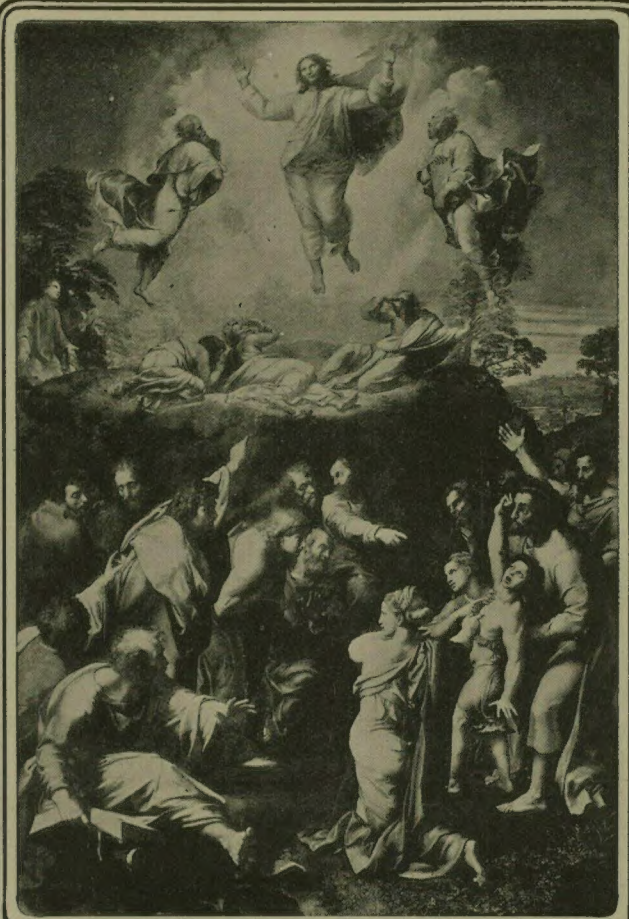


Photo. Abentiacar.

A FAMOUS PICTURE THAT HAS BEEN REMOVED TO THE POPE'S NEW GALLERY: RAPHAEL'S "TRANSFIGURATION."

As we noted in our last issue, Raphael's "Transfiguration" has been removed from the Vatican Pinacotheca, where it was hung by Pius VII., to the new halls set apart for use as a picture-gallery by the present Pope.

through many hands, the bath came into the possession of the Curé of Sargeau, who sold it to the Grévin Museum for the sum of 3000 francs."



Photo. Topical.

THE FIRE THAT CUT OFF PARIS'S TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION WITH THE WORLD: THE REMAINS OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN BATTERY IN THE PARIS TELEPHONE EXCHANGE. The Paris Telephone Exchange caught fire on Sunday night last, and so great was the damage that telephonic communication between Paris and the rest of the world was cut off. It need hardly be said that great disruption of business resulted.



Photo. Kot.

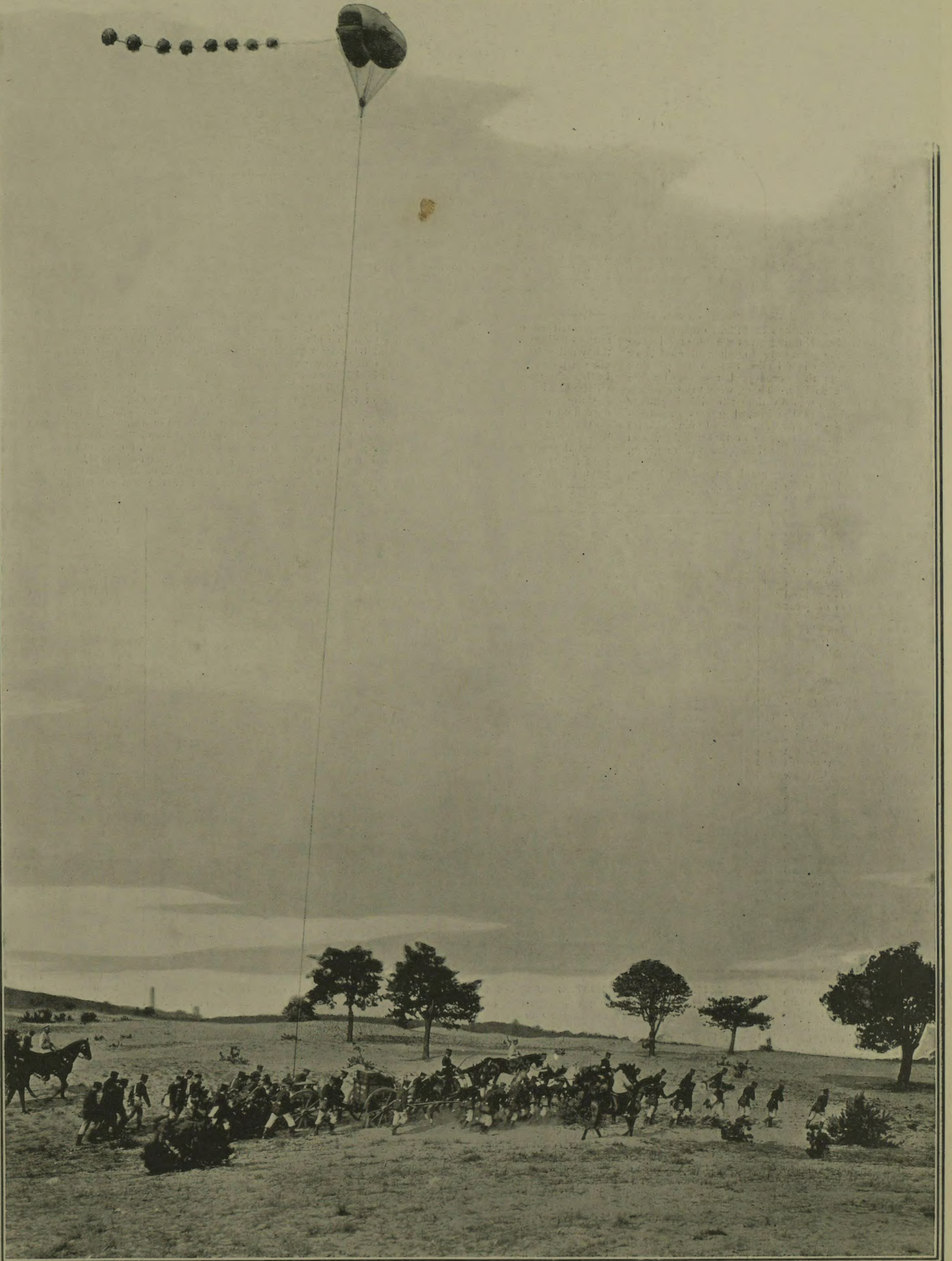
THE "COPPER SABOT" IN WHICH MARAT DIED: THE BATH IN WHICH MARAT WAS SEATED WHEN HE WAS STABBED BY CHARLOTTE CORDAY—ON SALE IN PARIS.

The bath in which Marat was assassinated by Charlotte Corday is now on sale in Paris. It is shown in our photograph, with, above it in a frame, the key of the bath-room, and a plan of the room. In Lenotre's "Paris Revolutionnaire," an interesting letter bearing on the bath is given.



## A WATCH-TOWER IN THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHILL.



DRAGGING A CAPTIVE BALLOON TO A NEW POSITION: THE GERMAN MILITARY-BALLOON DETACHMENT AT WORK.

The captive balloon used for purposes of observation by the German Army is held by means of a cable wound round a drum, and is inflated from compressed gas carried in cylinders in wagons. Often, of course, it is necessary to move the balloon to a new position, and when the distance is not too great, this is done while it is in the air. The operation is by no means easy, and calls for the employment of six or eight horses and a number of men.





Borgund Church, Norway. XIII century.

## REMARKABLE RELIGIONS.

(See Illustrations.)

THE writer who said that every man has his own religion, knowing that the belief that is in each of us is apt to differ in detail from

that in each of the others who profess the same form, might almost have been taken literally, so many are the religions of the world. Nothing gives greater prominence to the fact than the gathering together of models or illustrations of worship in all climes—such a gathering together, indeed, as that organised recently by the London Missionary Society. There, within the confines of a London building, was an almost bewildering array of the outward signs of the inward graces or superstitions of primitive and more enlightened man. Certain of these we illustrate elsewhere in this number, and here we amplify somewhat the descriptions there given, taking the drawings in order.

The worship of trees is general not only in China, but in Japan, and has the halo of antiquity about it. As a rule, the tree is an old one—one that has withstood the storms of ages—and in it is supposed to live a spirit, who is named after his dwelling-place: Venerable Father Fir-Tree, or what not. The tree shown in the illustration is credited with the possession of great powers of healing.

The emu totem is of especial interest. "A totem," says a definition, "is a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation." In Central Australia natives favour such totems as kangaroo, dingo, emu, cloud, and crow. The Intichiuma ceremonies take place once a year—in the breeding-season of the particular totem chosen by the group. In the case of the emu, blood is taken from the arms of the men, allowed to dry on the ground, and made to form the basis of a rough drawing of the anatomy of the emu. Further ceremonies take place round this, and on the following morning other rites are performed by two natives, so painted and adorned that they suggest the emu with its long neck, who imitate in primitive fashion the movements of the bird.

The god Ta'aroa, of Tahiti, was looked upon as the God of Heaven, creator of all things. Its back could be removed, and in the hollow thus disclosed were a number of figures, designed to illustrate the creative powers of the idol.

The Bechuana reed-dance yields proof that among the Bechuana people are still to be found signs of the totem. When a native asks another's tribe, he says, "What do you dance?" and the dance is a most important part of his religion.

Snakes are worshipped by the Hindus, doubtless in recognition of the power that enables them to kill some twenty thousand Indians each year. The annual festival known as Nag Panchami is given up to the cobra in particular, and it is then especially that the snake, in the form of clay images, is worshipped.

The Altar of Heaven is in the southern part of Peking, and is of white marble. At it the Emperor, as High Priest of the Chinese, offers up worship and sacrifice to Heaven on the morning of the winter solstice. Less imposing, yet in some ways equally important, are those wayside shrines at which animals are worshipped—the fox, the weasel, the hedgehog, the snake, and the rat (otherwise, the "Five Great Families")—which are believed to

President of the International Congress for the History of Religions, held last week at Oxford.

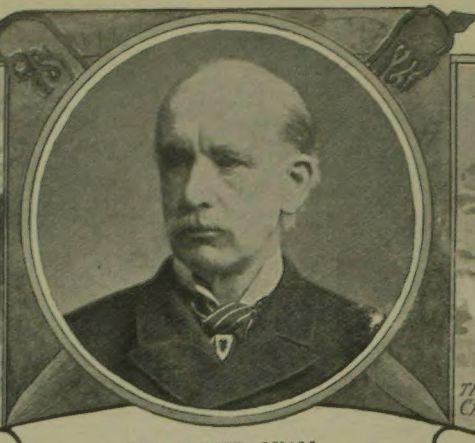
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

know the secret of immortality. A shrine to these animals is to be found attached to most houses in the countryside in North China. The fox is favoured as a great doctor.

The masks that are so important a part of the religious rites of the Papuan are guarded jealously, and no woman or girl may enter a house containing them on pain of immediate death.

Reverence is paid to stones—or rather, to spirits associated with stones—in the New Hebrides. The natives believe that when a man dies he goes to a place thirty miles below the earth's surface, and becomes at once a power for good or evil in the lives of the living. In this stage he is called "namata." In Malekula every village has its clearing for namata ceremonies, and there are the sacred stone and a semicircle of tree-stumps carved to represent namata.

On Murray Island, in the Torres Straits, hero-worship was prevalent. The chief hero was known to the uninitiated and to the women as Malu; his secret name, known only to the initiated and revealed on pain of death, was Bomai. In the initiation ceremonies three sacred men played the chief part, all



SIR ALFRED LYALL,

THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE 1852: CAPT. JOHN ROSS ABANDONS HIS SHIP.

## HUNTING THE SEA-ELEPHANT AT THE CROZET ISLANDS.

IT was in September of last year that Captain Ree and myself, with a crew of seventy-five, left Norway for those uninhabited specks of land in the vast Indian Ocean that are known as the Crozet Islands; and we reached them, all well, towards the end of the following November. If the hunting of the sea-elephant could in any way be compared with the pursuit of his namesake ashore, we should be permitted to boast of having broken all records as elephant-hunters, for during the two months, December and January, from seven to eight thousand of the animals, young and old, gave up their lives to our party of "blubber-hunters." But, alas! from a sportsman's view, no game could be tamer than the lazy, defenceless sea-elephant!

Captain Weddell, of Antarctic fame, gave the following description of the sea-elephant, and although his experiences were gathered at the South Shetland Islands, and date as far back as 1820-24, the description applies in most particulars to the animals at the Crozets—

"The male has a warty proboscis extending five to six inches from the snout, somewhat similar to that of the common elephant, and hence the name of this kind of the seal species. The males are considerably larger than the females, and may reach twenty-four feet in length and fourteen feet in diameter. The females are usually one-third less. In shape they have the appearance of the common seal. The males go on shore towards the end of August, and the females shortly after. When they first land, the sea-elephants are exceedingly fat, and on an average the blubber of seven animals will then go to the ton. During their life ashore, for upwards of several months, they subsist by absorbing their own fat, so that after some weeks of this kind of existence they are getting meagre, and their commercial value considerably decreasing."

It may be said further that the large animals are usually found in flocks of from thirty to a hundred, take very little notice of the hunter, and allow him to approach as near to them as

he wishes. The killing of them, therefore, is more like butchery than hunting, and is repulsive in the extreme. But the fat-blubber that is theirs yields a fine oil, oil that may be turned into gold, and where gold is concerned it is remarkable how feelings of disgust can be subdued.

We anchored in American Bay on Nov. 26, and the weather being fine, and the swell on the shore moderate, we secured a couple of boat-loads of our quarry during the afternoon. More fine days followed, and in a week we had taken aboard our first hundred tons of blubber, together with skins of young animals.

During the month of December our work continued at high pressure; towards the middle of January we had some six hundred tons on board, and on the 1st of February the iron tanks in which the oil and blubber were stored were full, which meant that they held some seven hundred tons of oil. In addition, we had secured 1750 skins of young animals, which are saleable at fairly good prices. Had the season not been somewhat advanced when we reached the Islands, and had the majority of the young sea-elephants not taken to the water, our haul would have been much greater. The skins of the youngsters alone are fit for the market. The heavy, porous hides of the old animals scarcely repay the trouble and expense of the skinning and salting processes.

H. J. BULL.



THE HUT IN WHICH HUNTERS OF SEA-ELEPHANTS LIVED AT CROZET ISLANDS: CHRISTMAS HOUSE.

It was in this hut that Mr. Bull and Captain Ree lived when they were wrecked at the Crozet Islands. When they returned to the islands at the end of last year the hut was in the condition illustrated, but was still usable.



# BY NO MEANS AS RARE AS WAS SUPPOSED: THE SEA-ELEPHANT, THOUSANDS OF WHICH WERE KILLED BY A RECENT EXPEDITION IN TWO MONTHS.



1. THE GRAVEYARD AT AMERICAN BAY, IN WHICH LIE THE REMAINS OF THREE EARLY HUNTERS OF THE SEA-ELEPHANT.
2. SOME MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION WITH A DEAD SEA-ELEPHANT, GIVING AN IDEA OF THE SIZE OF ONE OF THE LARGE SEALS.

3. SEA-ELEPHANTS RESENTING THE APPROACH OF MAN.
4. SEA-ELEPHANTS FIGHTING.
5. SEA-ELEPHANTS ASLEEP.

6. TEASING SEA-ELEPHANTS.
7. SEA-ELEPHANTS FIGHTING AT CLOSE QUARTERS.
8. FINE SPECIMENS OF THE SEA-ELEPHANT, SHOWING THE PROBOSCIS.

It has been said that "the elephant-seal is now very scarce, and when one is killed the skin is regarded as something of a curiosity," and an authority was responsible for the saying; yet a recent expedition, organised by Mr. H. J. Bull and Captain Ree, killed between seven and eight thousand of the animals, young and old, in two months. This was at the Crozet Islands, in the Indian Ocean. The blubber of the sea-elephant yields a fine, valuable oil, and the skins of the youngsters are also saleable. The sea-elephant is so called from its trunk-like nose, which it distends when excited. It is easily approached by the hunter.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. J. BULL.]

(See Article on Facing Page.)



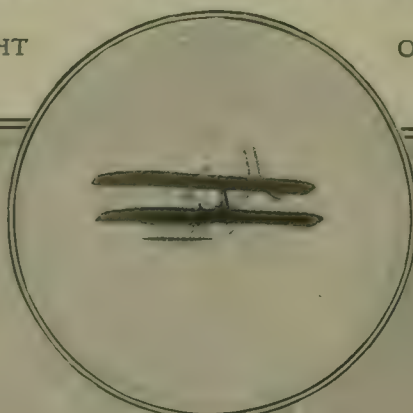
# THE MACHINE THAT CAUSED THE GREATEST AEROPLANE DISASTER.

MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT MAKING HIS RECORD FLIGHT

ON HIS FAMOUS AEROPLANE, NOW WRECKED.



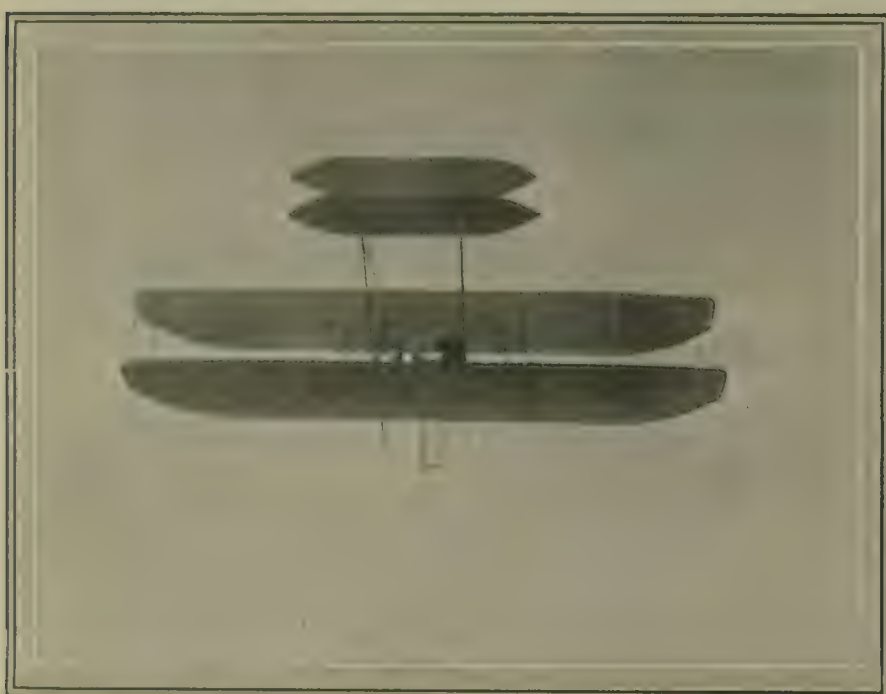
TURNING THE TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND CORNER.



THE  
MACHINE  
IN FLIGHT.



THE AEROPLANE LEAVING THE STARTING-TOWER (ON THE LEFT).



MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT MAKING HIS RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT.



A SIDE-VIEW OF THE AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.



GOING AT FULL SPEED.



DIPPING WITH THE WIND.

Mr. Orville Wright met with his first serious accident last week, and was the central figure of the worst aeroplane disaster that has yet been recorded. Messrs Orville and Wilbur Wright are builders and repairers of motor-cycles at Dayton, Ohio. They began experimenting in aeronautics for amusement, but soon set to work seriously. After a considerable time, they solved the problem of equilibrium to their own satisfaction by making a machine which had planes fastened rigidly together in front and along the middle, but flexible at the rear extremities. Operating a lever, they twist these wings spirally (or, scientifically speaking, helicoidally) while in the air. In this way they increase the resistance of one wing while decreasing that of the other, and so adjust the planes to meet irregular gusts of winds. A horizontal lever in front can be turned up or down so as to raise or lower the machine while it is in the air, and vertical rudders can be turned so as to change the direction.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY CLAUDY.

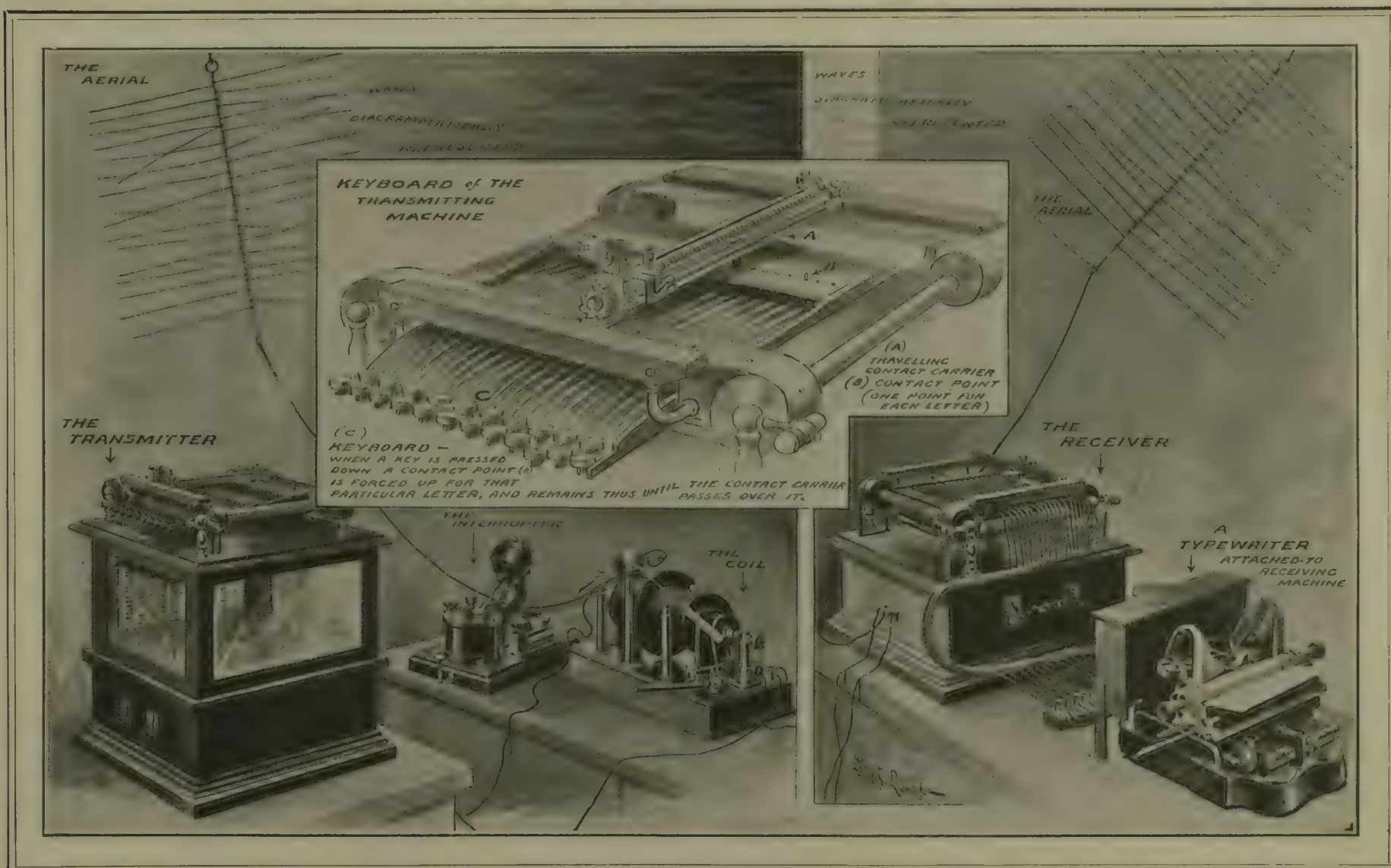


# THE AIR AGE: TYPEWRITING BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY; AND THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE.



THE EUROPEAN VERSION OF THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE: MR. WILBUR WRIGHT IN FLIGHT.

In some respects, at least, Mr. Wilbur Wright, who is experimenting with one of the Wright aeroplanes in France, has been more fortunate than his brother. Slight mishaps have, of course, given him trouble, but fortunately he has not met with such a disaster as the seventy-five feet fall which disabled his brother in America and killed Lieutenant Selfridge. It is scarcely likely that the design of the machine he uses, as compared with that of the one used by Mr. Orville Wright, has anything to do with this fact, for, although they differ in slight details, the machines worked by the brothers are practically identical.



TYPEWRITING LETTERS WHILE MANY MILES FROM A TYPEWRITER: A TYPEWRITER WORKED BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Our illustration shows the apparatus necessary for typewriting by means of wireless telegraphy, an act that has been made possible by Mr. Hans Knudsen, a Danish electrical engineer. By means of this invention, a message tapped out on a form of typewriter at one place is transmitted to another form of typewriter at a place many miles away, and is typed on paper. As each key on the transmitting typewriter is pressed down, a little pin corresponding with that particular key comes into contact with a travelling metal band, and so starts an electric wave from the antennae of the wireless apparatus. This wave is caught by the antennae at the distant station, is communicated by them to the receiving-machine, and is recorded on paper as a letter of the alphabet. It is claimed that the same invention can be made to set up type by means of the linotype machine.—[DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY HANS KNUDSEN.]





MR. MARTIN HARVEY,  
In "The Corsican Brothers," at the Adelphi.

MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT,  
In "The King of Cadonia," at the Prince of Wales's.

## ART NOTES.

THE White City does not readily yield its citadel of surprises. How few of us had guessed to find there, in the midst of Polytechnic jewellery, the work of Mr. Augustus John! Mr. John's name does not figure in the catalogue of the Fine Art Section, but, surrounded by the pale spirit of *l'art nouveau*, is a large picture of "Moses and the Brazen Serpent," painted while he was still studying at the Slade School. Even in the Palace of the Fine Arts itself, surprises

will leap at you on a second visit, and the absurd incongruities of the collection will catch at you first of all. Mr. Orpen's "Valuers," four inimitable, besotted, dismal citizens who have been set up, like performing animals, to judge a picture, gain a grotesque Brobdingnagianism from their contiguity to the heroically conceived but smaller figures of "The Roll Call." As the pictures are hung, these four vulgarians seem to peer, not at the picture Mr. Orpen makes them



"IDOLS," AT THE GARRICK: MISS EVELYN MILLARD  
AS IRENE MERRIAM.

humbled in its conjunction with Buckingham, and Crystal, and Theatre—at the Exhibition will point to the one great need of our National Gallery. Among all the works—and there are many admirable ones—none makes so deep an impression as the little landscape by Jean François Millet.

This landscape is but an obscure example, dull in colour and unpretentious in composition, and yet it is the prevailing canvas of the whole collection. A tremendous temperament forces its way through the monotony of the paint; the picture puts such a tragic compulsion upon the feelings as no work from another hand could do. Millet's art is single, unapproachable.



"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: MAGGIE (MISS HILKA TREVELYAN) SUBSTITUTES FOR HER HUSBAND'S SPEECH A REVISED VERSION OF IT BY HERSELF.

judge, but at the soldiers and the sentiment of Lady Butler's masterpiece. They are more than rude; they are cynical—the representatives of a change in taste that is teaching us to ignore the nobler motives in art. Their ugly umbrellas threaten the warriors of "The Roll Call," and fear seizes us lest their four umbrellas should prevail.

In another room Mr. Frith's "Derby Day" shames the empty carelessness of much neighbouring modern paint, but also enhances the value of such modern work as has won the more becoming and precious sort of freedom. The great triple portrait by Mr. Sargent near by is witness to the amazing changes that have overtaken us since the painting of the "Derby Day," changes that Mr. Frith is still able to look upon with interest. He, although in his ninetieth year, was among the first to visit the Malahide Frans Hals in its honourable position in the great company of Rembrandt at the National Gallery. When Mr. Frith was looked upon as one of the foremost of English painters it is quite certain that England would not have paid £25,000 for a group by Frans Hals. Her admirations for the old are naturally reflected in her admirations for the modern masters,



Alick Wylie (Mr. Henry Vibart), James Wylie (Mr. Edmund Gwenn), David Wylie (Mr. Sydney Valentine), Maggie Wylie (Miss Hilka Trevelyan), John Shand (Mr. Gerald Du Maurier).  
"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: JOHN SHAND AGREES TO MARRY MAGGIE WYLIE, ON CONDITION THAT THE WYLIES PAY FOR THE COMPLETION OF HIS EDUCATION.  
Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

And yet our national authorities are at no pains to possess an example of his genius.

THE position that Beethoven holds in this country is unchallenged by any composer, living or dead. While others number their admirers by the thousand they have detractors by the score. The appeal of the more philosophical music of Wagner has not penetrated to the rank-and-file, the more moderns are caviare to the general; but Beethoven's loftiest flights, his nine Symphonies, are familiar to one and all, and are received with the genuine appreciation that owes nothing to fashion.

To watch the attitude of the public towards some of the more modern masters is to realise that we take our pleasures sadly, and are not always honest with ourselves; but the simplicity of Beethoven is almost as great as his strength, and, while the first hearing of one of his masterpieces pleases, every subsequent hearing reveals fresh beauty to the attentive ear. The attendance at the Promenade Concerts on Friday nights when the programme is



"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: JOHN SHAND (MR. GERALD DU MAURIER) WITH THE SPEECH HE TRUSTS WILL BRING HIM EXCEPTIONAL COMMENDATION FROM HIS PARTY.

made up almost in its entirety of Beethoven's compositions, yields sufficient evidence of the master's appeal to heart and brain. "The Life of Beethoven," by Alice M. Diehl, is one of the latest of many attempts to supply a demand, and concert-goers who have taken advantage of the many opportunities of hearing the composer's best work in the past few months will doubtless feel attracted to a volume compiled by one who has known some of Beethoven's intimate friends and contemporaries, and has laboured long and industriously to produce a volume worthy the subject. It is not easy to arrive at a just view of the life of a man who was always in active disagreement with many of his contemporaries, and most of us who have known great artists, whether they worked in art or music or literature, will be inclined to agree that such people are not easy to understand. Their work speaks for them in terms that are unmistakable; their lives seldom afford a reliable key to their work. The author of the volume we have just read has her own views of the leading incidents in the composer's life—or, at least, her own reasons for supporting accepted views—but she can hardly be said to throw any new light upon the composer's career, or add anything to the researches of Thayer and the writings of Otto Jahn and Moscheles.



# RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A CHURN THAT IS TURNED BY DOGS, IN WALES: A PARALLEL TO THE DOG-CHURN OF HAVELLAND.



A MOAT A MILE LONG IN LONDON: THE MOAT OF FULHAM PALACE, WHICH IS BEING CLEANSED.



"BOXING" BY ROAD: A MOTOR CONVEYANCE FOR HUNTERS, RACEHORSES, AND SICK HORSES.

The hunting man, the owner of racehorses, and the owner of a sick horse will alike find this invention of value. It will be noted that a special "gangway" is provided.



"ON THE ROAD" IN A MOTOR-BUS: A THEATRICAL COMPANY ON TOUR IN AN UNUSUAL WAY.

Our photograph shows the latest method of touring with a theatrical company. Should the experiment prove profitable, it is likely to be much imitated.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW LABORATORIES OF THE HERIOT-WATT COLLEGE, EDINBURGH, BY LORD ROSEBERY: THE NEW BUILDINGS.



LICHFIELD'S TRIBUTE TO BOSWELL: THE NEW STATUE.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW LABORATORIES OF THE HERIOT-WATT COLLEGE, EDINBURGH: LORD ROSEBERY INSPECTING THE WORKSHOP.

Having seen our Illustration of a dog turning a churn in East Havelland, a correspondent sends us a photograph (reproduced on this page) of a churn worked by dogs in a Welsh village. The churn is used once a week and is turned by two collies who seem to enjoy the business. They are on the churn for about two hours. With regard to the moat at Fulham Palace it may be said that it was desired to abolish it. It is to be retained, however, and is now being cleaned and drained. Its history can be traced as far back as 880 A.D., when an army of Danes built it. Another Illustration on this page shows a theatrical company starting on tour in a motor-bus, the first time such a thing has happened. The actors appear in "bijou" plays, and carry with them effects, costumes, and properties. The statue of Boswell, which was unveiled on Saturday last, was to have been inaugurated by the late Professor Churton Collins. It is the gift of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and was designed and modelled by him. Lord Rosebery opened the new engineering laboratories of the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, last week, and in his speech urged Great Britain to encourage specialists who deal with, develop, and adapt new inventions for the purposes of business.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRINDROD, TOPICAL, AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]



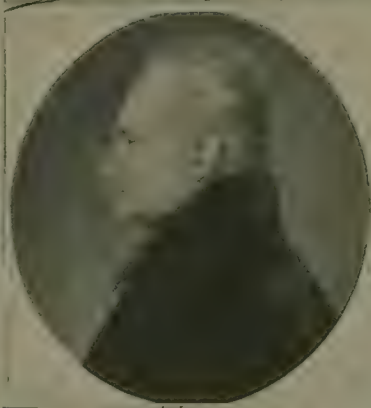
## • AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S •



MRS. B. TERRY,  
Ellen Terry's Mother.



ANDREW LANG ON SAINTE-BEUVE'S REVIEW OF SCOTT'S  
"LIFE OF NAPOLEON."



BENJAMIN TERRY,  
Ellen Terry's Grandfather.

NAPOLEON and Sir Walter Scott are personages about whom everyone who reads at all has read a great deal. But perhaps few have read about the point at which they cross each other's paths, in a way. Scott's "Life of Napoleon" was a work undertaken for the purpose of paying the author's debts. It was begun after the fatal malady had laid its finger on his colossal intellect; and, as the book was hastily though most laboriously executed at a time when many documents, now accessible, were out of reach, it is seldom consulted as history.

By chance I have come across Sainte-Beuve's review of the "Napoleon," which I must have read—for my copy is marked—but had forgotten. As the great critic was living and writing well within my own memory, his review of July 1827—eighty years ago—forms a curious link between Scott, Napoleon, and our own time. That it is agreeable reading I cannot say.

After a few words on the respect and pity due to literary veterans and to the works of old age, Sainte-Beuve points out

about "the ashes of the conquerors of the Tarquins." National prejudice apart, this kind of military rhetoric is a trifle out of keeping: Scott called it "theatrical." It was theatrical, but

rode on donkeys, and there is no harm in the anecdote of a military waggery. No examples of falsified historical facts are produced. The story of Gourgaud's want of loyalty is left to Gourgaud. We remember that Scott was ready to fight him, and meant to use Napoleon's pistols, which he happened to possess. Lord Rosebery has discussed the point. Scott merely used documents in the British State Papers; I do not think that Lord Rosebery detected him in any error.

Sainte-Beuve merely showed that his own feelings were injured, and that Scott was not the man to judge the French Revolution with sagacious historical impartiality.

He concluded that, if Scott had written a novel of the period, it would have been more interesting than his Life of Napoleon, but equally false historically. "In a word, he is a romancer and a poet, not a historian." Certainly, in his historical poems and romances, he wrote, rightly, as a poet and a romancer;



ELLEN TERRY'S BIRTHPLACE, MARKET STREET,  
COVENTRY.

it produced the desired effect. The Tarquins were known, in a way, to the Revolutionary soldiers, just as Saul and

ELLEN TERRY'S "THE STORY OF  
MY LIFE": ILLUSTRATIONS FROM  
THE FAMOUS ACTRESS'S AUTO-  
BIOGRAPHY.

Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers,  
Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Ahab were known to the army of the  
Congregation of John Knox.

Scott might have understood that, but the point (which Sainte-Beuve does not defend as well as he might) scarcely deserves the space which he fills with his disrespectful observations. Scott was not falsifying history when he called a theatrical speech a theatrical speech. He mentions an



FALLOWS GREEN, HARPENDEN, WHERE ELLEN TERRY LIVED  
IN 1870 UNTIL HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.

anecdote about the Egyptian expedition. On one occasion the order was given, "Form square, donkeys and savants in the centre!" The savants



ELLEN TERRY.—FROM THE DRAWING BY W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON.

that Scott is "no that dooms auld," as the Scot says; he was well under sixty. His "Woodstock," however, is spoken of as "a feeble child of age," a criticism with which I cannot agree.

But "Napoleon" is far worse: a mere pecuniary speculation. "The historical facts are deliberately or carelessly falsified"; rather for pecuniary reasons than from real hatred of a hero whom Scott had no reason, as a patriot, to love. He passed only eight days in Paris; his work is "pitiable," and deserves, and receives, "the profound contempt" of the young Sainte-Beuve.

For example, Scott holds that the men of letters, not of noble birth, who lived with the noblesse before the Revolution, were *with* them, not *of* them, and that Rousseau "outraged morality and wounded decency."

Well, surely many writers living among nobles felt all that! Scott says they did so feel, and as to morals and decency the standard varied, in Scotland and among her old allies.

The Life of Napoleon "raised an unanimous chorus of disapprobation" in France. I daresay it did, and a French biography of Wellington must have aroused the British Lion in the same way. Scott ventured to criticise the style of Napoleon's addresses to the Army of Italy, and his observations on "the conquerors of the Tarquins," whose ashes, it seems, lay in the region of Milan. Perhaps nobody will maintain that a British General, near Milan, would have spoken to his men



ELLEN TERRY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS.

but when he wrote the history of his country he was so impartial (as Amédée Pichot complained) that he actually became partial to the side which did not engage his sympathies, and, unlike Dr. Johnson, "saw that the Whig dogs had the best of it."

For example, in describing the cruelties exercised on the Covenanters (1684-1685) he placed the cruelties before, instead of after, the cause of them—a murderous and anarchist proclamation by "the wild hill-folk." In writing about Napoleon he was naturally prejudiced, as all writers on Napoleon are unto this day, but that he ever knowingly falsified a single fact is a thing inconceivable.

There is a fine saying of Cæsar, when he heard that some prisoners of war, whom he had liberated, were taking up arms against him: "I would rather that they behaved like themselves than behave unlike myself." When Napoleon meant to slay the Duc d'Enghien, one of his English friends wished to recall to him these words. They would have been more appropriate at the time of the massacre of the prisoners of Jaffa.

When Sainte-Beuve accused Scott of "greed or dishonesty" he probably did not succeed in wounding the veteran, who was giving his life for his honour. He could no more please the French than Napier could avoid irritating Mme. Junot.



# THE POLITICAL ETHERNAL TRIANGLE: THE NEWCASTLE ELECTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS 2, 7, 8 AND 9, BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU; 1, 2 AND 3, BY BACON; 4, 6, 10 AND 11, BY TOPICAL; 5 BY FRANK.



1. ALDERMAN E. R. HARTLEY, SOCIALIST.

2. MR. E. SHORTT ADDRESSING A MEETING.

3. MR. GEORGE RENWICK, UNIONIST.

4. SUFFRAGETTES SPEAKING ON BEHALF OF THE UNIONISTS ON THE TOWN MOOR.

5. MR. E. SHORTT, LIBERAL.

6. MRS. PANKHURST AND MRS. NEAL HEADING THE PROCESSION TO THE TOWN MOOR.

7. MR. RENWICK USING A MOTOR-CAR AS A PLATFORM.

8. MR. HARTLEY ADDRESSING A MEETING.

9. MR. SHORTT SPEAKING TO A MEETING AT QUAYSIDE.

10. UNIONIST PLACARDS ON THE EIGHT HOURS FOR MINERS BILL.

11. UNIONIST POSTERS DIRECTED AGAINST THE LICENSING BILL.



## AT THE PORT OF MISSING MEN: PATHETIC RELICS OF THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO.



THE KITS OF MEN LOST AT SEA UNDER THE HAMMER: SELLING UNCLAIMED SEAMEN'S EFFECTS BY AUCTION AT THE ALBERT DOCK.

Periodically there is an auction of the unclaimed effects of men who die, or are lost, at sea, and the sale provides many a pitiful sight. Most of the lots are contained in sea-chests or in the typical sailors' kit-bag, and all are marked with the name of the ship from which they come. Many of the bags yield a strange assortment of clothing and personal treasures. For instance, one sea-chest which came up for auction recently was that of an unfortunate Chinese sea-cook who was eaten by

cannibals. Amongst the contents of the box were two choppers, a large knife, and a picture of an Englishwoman in a frame. Most of the buyers at the sales are Jews, although there is a sprinkling of sea-going men. Bidding is keen, but only in shillings, and a lot seldom realises a pound. It is not unusual for those who have lost friends or relatives at sea to attend these auctions, and there are times when the first news of such a loss comes through the recognition of familiar objects in a "lot."



BEAUTIFUL STUDIES OF THE HEROINES OF FAMOUS MODERN NOVELS.

DRAWN BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" SPECIAL ARTIST, G. C. WILMSHURST.



NO. VII.: ROMOLA.



## LITERATURE

## IVANHOE :—

## THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

## Chaucer and His England.

A peep into the Middle Ages is a rare luxury. We have more or less vivid conceptions of the days of Queen Bess, of the Stuarts, and of later times; but how can we picture to ourselves life in Mediæval England? There is but one

answer—by reading Chaucer. Take up the "Canterbury Tales" and you are carried back five centuries—not into the wars and turmoils which occupy the historian's page, but into the ordinary life of those days. You are made familiar with men and women of every class—types of humanity as varied as could be, yet every one of them as extinct at the present day as the pilgrimage to Canterbury itself is. "There is no such story as this," says Mr. G. G. Coulton truly—in "Chaucer and His England" (Methuen)—"in all mediæval literature; no drama so true both to common life and to perfect art." And Mr. Coulton here supplies us with means of appreciating it even better than we have had hitherto. For he, first of all, gives us a pretty full account of what is known of Chaucer himself and his various occupations through life as courtier,

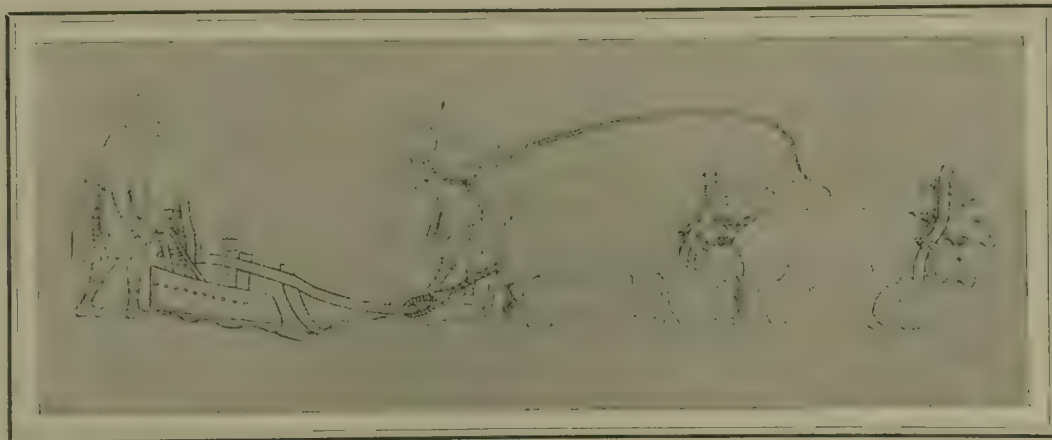
Who has written "The  
which has just  
by Messrs.

Horse in History,"  
been published  
Methuen.

add much to the value of the text; but it would be doing Mr. Coulton serious injustice to hint

but he has humour and—when it is in place—liveliness, far above the English judicial standard. The book, which ends with a series of really valuable "Reflections," consists of seven parts, devoted respectively to the Central Government, the Party System, Local Government, Education, the Church, the Empire, and the Courts of Law. It will be seen that he covers far

wider ground than that taken by Bagehot in "The English Constitution." But he is by way of discussing the government of England, not that of the United Kingdom, referring to Scottish and Irish affairs only incidentally, and his book, unlike Bagehot's, suffers from his decision. Such subjects as the Army and Navy, the permanent Civil Service, the Crown Colonies, and the relations of the self-governing colonies to the Imperial Government, are not seen quite in their right perspective. It is probably natural for an American to treat our political party organisations at far greater length than would any English writer, but it is interesting to see what a foreign observer thinks of our wire-pulling machinery. We as a nation are not much given to reflecting



"THE PLOUGHMAN," FROM THE LUTTRELL PSALTER (EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY).  
Reproduced from Mr. G. G. Coulton's "Chaucer and His England," which has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.

that they were nearly as valuable as his own very able handling of what is really a great historical subject.

**An American on English Government.** Professor A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard, has, by his publication of "The Government of England" (Macmillan. Two vols. 17s. net), returned in kind the compliment paid to the United States by Mr. Bryce. It is hopeless in a few words to attempt to criticise a book of more than a thousand pages, and we can only suggest that it deserves and will repay careful reading. How Professor Lowell has obtained such a mastery of our very complicated system of government is amazing. We gasp with relief when we detect him calling the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury an under-secretary, or saying that the Chief Justice is regularly made a hereditary peer, for of slips more important than these he is guiltless, and it is uncanny that the stranger within our gates, even if our blood-brother, should know so much more of the things belonging to our peace than we do ourselves. His tone is eminently judicial,



"CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN A FOURTEENTH CENTURY CLASS-ROOM."  
From "Chaucer and His England."

squire, ambassador, man of business, and member of Parliament; then shows from various sources of information what the London of that day was like—the tower of Aldgate, which for some time was the poet's abode, and the way from thence to the Custom House, where his duties then lay. Under Mr. Coulton's guidance we really feel as if we knew the London of that day pretty well. But no, we cannot know London without knowing England, and the conditions of life in the country. And here, too, Mr. Coulton brings a vast amount of reading to bear upon the subject, and tells us a great deal more than we should readily find in Chaucer, though Chaucer's living characters become much more intelligible from the survey. It was not a golden age, with all its chivalry. There was far less feeling of romance among the people than in these days of novel-reading. The age had its own ideals, which are not ours; and it fell very much below its own ideals, as we do also. A great deal, indeed, is amazing and repulsive. The Knight sets forth the ideal of the age, the Wife of Bath some of its strange reality. But the candour of the Wife of Bath on the subject of matrimony is only in too good keeping with very well-known facts about the sale of wardships and the low regard for the most sacred of all ties which so generally prevailed. There are also some very interesting chapters on the war with France, showing the military condition of the people, the popularity of archery as a pastime, and a large number of other subjects. The illustrations throughout



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. RAMSEY.  
The Frontispiece of "Rousseau and the Women He Loved," by Francis Gribble, published by Eveleigh Nash.



"A TOOTH-DRAWER OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, WITH A WREATH OF TROPHIES OVER HIS SHOULDER."  
From "Chaucer and His England."

on the connection between the Cabinet and the electoral organisations which have called the Ministry of the day into being. Local Government, again, is here treated rather seriously—which, no doubt, is quite right and very instructive. Professor Lowell thinks that the Cabinet is steadily gaining power at the expense of Parliament, and perceives in a growing tendency to engage in class-legislation (always, of course, in favour of that class that bears least of the national burdens) the chief political danger before us. He is very suggestive on the causes which have kept England free from the great curse of American (and he might have added, of British Colonial) politics, the organised policy of plundering national revenues for the benefit of localities. Our system of Private Bill legislation and of Statutory Orders ensures a fairly impartial consideration of particular local demands; but Professor Lowell finds in our system of Cabinet responsibility, and in the strictness of our party ties, the great safeguard against this kind of log-rolling. A Manchester Conservative or a Leeds Liberal cannot get money for his constituency out of the Government by forming a cave, whereas an American Congressman, being quite unaffected by the Presidential election which puts the executive (but not the legislature) into the hands of one party, can easily find allies in Congress for his particular object. This book, in fact, makes one think better of the English party system.



# A BULL-FIGHT WITHOUT BULLS: A CONTEST IN WHICH THERE IS NO DANGER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FITCH.



A CARDBOARD BULL AND PICADORS ON PONIES: A CHILDREN'S BULL-FIGHT AT TENT CITY, CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

Our photograph shows the most harmless bull-fight in the world, one that humanitarians would have substituted for the real thing. The bull is represented by a cardboard model, borne by a boy or boys. The illustration is particularly apropos at the moment, for it was only the other day that a sensational incident was reported from Lisbon. A great bull-fight had

been announced to take place at Noitea, but before the contest had begun someone opened the gate of the bulls' enclosure. At once two-and-twenty young bulls dashed out and charged the audience. Seven people were reported killed, and about forty injured. Ten of the bulls were killed by the soldiers, the others escaped, for the moment, at all events.



THE MOST UP-TO-DATE FACTORY IN THE WORLD: BUILDING MOTOR-CARS OF THE AIR.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 26, 1908.—443



A SCENE THAT MAY BECOME COMMONPLACE: IN THE WORKSHOP OF A MANUFACTURER OF AEROPLANES.

Those sanguine people who believe that we shall all be flying through the air before many years have passed take encouragement from such scenes as this, a busy time in the workshop of a French constructor of aeroplanes, and argue that such sights will be common before long.



# THOSE WHO BOW DOWN TO WOOD AND STONE: REMARKABLE RELIGIONS.



1. A TREE THAT IS WORSHIPPED IN CHINA, SHOWING THE SMALL FLAGS AND BANNERS THAT BEAR EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE FOR PRAYERS ANSWERED.
2. A CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN NATIVE AS THE EMU TOTEM, WHICH IS REGARDED WITH SUPERSTITIOUS RESPECT BY MANY.

3. TA'AROA, THE CHIEF GOD WORSHIPPED BY POMARE I., OF TAHITI, WITH TWO LESSER GODS.
4. THE SACRED REED-DANCE OF THE BECHUANA PEOPLE, EACH DANCER IN WHICH PLAYS ON A REED.
5. HINDUS WORSHIPPING THE COBRA, AS REPRESENTED BY CLAY IMAGES.

6. THE "CELEBRATED LITTLE ONE," OF MADAGASCAR, CHIEF FETISH OF THE CENTRAL PROVINCE OF IMERINA.
7. CONFUCIANISM: THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN, THE MOST IMPORTANT STRUCTURE IN CHINA.
8. CHINESE BOWING BEFORE THE SHRINE OF THE FOX, WHICH IS DEPICTED AS A MAN.

The recent International Congress for the History of Religions makes particularly interesting at the moment the idols and forms of worship illustrated on this page and the next, a collection got together by the enterprise of that valuable association, the London Missionary Society.

(Further Details will be found on another Page.)



# THOSE WHO BOW DOWN TO WOOD AND STONE: REMARKABLE RELIGIONS.



1. MASKS ASSOCIATED WITH THE DARKEST HEATHEN RITES OF THE PAPUAN.
2. A WOODEN FIGURE FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.
3. A SACRED STONE SURROUNDED BY NAMATA, REPRESENTING GOOD OR EVIL SPIRITS; NEW HEBRIDES.

4. THE WORSHIP OF THE GREAT HERO, MALU, OR BOMAL, IN MURRAY ISLAND, IN THE TORRES STRAITS.
5. LOBENGULA APPORTIONING BLACK OXEN AMONG THE ROYAL GUARDIAN ANCESTRAL SPIRITS PREPARATORY TO THE SLAUGHTERING OF THE BEASTS.

6. MAVUNGU, THE AVENGER, WHOSE VENGEANCE MIGHT BE MADE TO TAKE ANY COURSE; FROM THE CONGO.
7. A CHINESE FAMILY PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE THE KITCHEN GOD, WHOSE IMAGE IS ABOVE THE COOKING-RANGE.
8. THE WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS IN CHINA.

Lack of space makes it impossible for us to give further details here, but fuller descriptions will be found in an article elsewhere in this number. Those interested should endeavour to obtain from the London Missionary Society their booklet, "The Handbook of the Hall of Religions," and the official handbook of the great missionary exhibition, "The Orient in London," to which we are much indebted for our matter.



# GALLOPING KITCHENS: HOT MEALS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



THE MOVABLE KITCHEN OF THE GERMAN ARMY: PROVIDING HOT MEALS FOR SOLDIERS IN TIME OF WAR.

The statement that an army marches on its stomach is recognised by the German military authorities as containing much truth, and thus have come into being the portable field-kitchens of the type illustrated. Meals can be cooked in these kitchens while the kitchens themselves are being driven from place to place at full speed, and each kitchen can provide three hot meals a day for three hundred men. The contrivance was tested during the recent manœuvres with much success, and was inspected by the Kaiser, who tasted some of the food cooked in it, and pronounced it excellent.



## The First Wealth is Health.

**'GIVE ME HEALTH AND A DAY. . . HE ONLY IS WEALTHY WHO OWNS THE DAY.'**

—Emerson.

'Happy the Man and Happy He alone, He who can call the Day His own.'—Dryden.

## The Simple Life, 'Tis Luxury that Kills.

'To lead a Simple Life is to fulfil the Highest Human Destiny.'—Wagner.

'Sow an Act and you reap a Habit, sow a Habit and you reap a Character, sow a Character and you reap a Destiny.'

'A Man's wealth consists not so much in the multitude of his Possessions as in the fewness of his Wants.'

Diogenes, the famous Cynic Philosopher (412-323 B.C.), is stated to have taken up his abode in a cask, where he was visited by Alexander the Great, and when the only favour he had to beg of the Prince was **THAT HE WOULD NOT STAND BETWEEN HIM AND THE SUN**, Alexander is said to have exclaimed, 'If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes.'

Amid the confused restlessness of modern life, our wearied minds dream of simplicity. . . . All this brushwood, under pretext of sheltering us and our happiness, has ended by shutting out our Sun. When shall we have the courage to meet the delusive temptations of our complex and unprofitable life with the Sage's challenge, **'OUT OF MY LIGHT'!**—Wagner.

'Divine Philosophy! by whose pure light We first distinguish, then pursue the right.'

—Juvenal.



DIOGENES BEFORE ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

## A Sublime Destiny.

'Teach Self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.'—Sir Walter Scott.

'To be a Philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, but so to love Wisdom as to live according to its dictates a life of Simplicity, Magnanimity, and Trust, and thus combine the hardiness of the Savage with the intellectualness of the cultured man.'

—Thoreau.

'Man's rich with little were his judgment true, Nature is frugal and Her wants are few.'

## MORAL.

'Poverty sits by the Cradle of all our Great Men and rocks them up to Manhood.'

'As Health is such a blessing, and the very source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the region where it grows, the springs that feed it, the customs and methods by which it is best cultivated and preserved.'—Sir W. Temple.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology—

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of the excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various *tissues* of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a *single tissue* of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.'

**'INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL.'**—Goethe.

The human body has unfortunately a power of auto-intoxication, *i.e.*, of poisoning itself unless certain deleterious products are quickly removed from the alimentary system. There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable remedy which will by natural means get rid of dangerous waste matter without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality, than

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

Where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a Serious Illness. Its effect upon any disordered, Sleepless, or feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

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THE AMERICAN FLEET THAT LED TO MAFFICKING IN NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA:  
UNITED STATES WAR-VESSLS OFF SYDNEY.

The visit of the American war-vessels to New Zealand and Australia led to much enthusiasm, and some mild mafficking. At Melbourne, Admiral Sperry, the American Commander-in-Chief, said: "Our reception in New Zealand seemed unsurpassable; that of Sydney was even better, but the climax has been reached at Melbourne." It was at Sydney that visitors to the battle-ship "Connecticut" took away a large proportion of the vessel's silver as souvenirs of the occasion. The act, however, did not lead to unfriendliness, the American officers adopting the charitable view that probably their guests ate the forks and spoons with the ices and the cake.—[FROM THE DRAWING BY C. H. HUNT, SYDNEY.]



JUST ON THE RIGHT SIDE: THE KAISER AT THE CHÂLET HARTMANN,  
FIFTEEN METRES FROM THE FRENCH FRONTIER.

Few incidents in which he has figured lately have caused so much comment as the Kaiser's supposed intention of crossing the French frontier, that he might see the view from the Hoheneck. At the last moment his Majesty decided not to enter French territory. Various reasons for this action were given. It was at first stated that the Kaiser changed his plans in deference to the wishes of the French; then it was said that he never had intended to go into France; thirdly, it was alleged that he was prevented from carrying out his intention by the fact that he received a warning stating that an Anarchist attempt was to be made against him.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR ADRIEN.]



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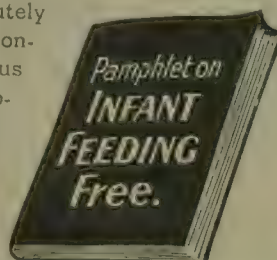


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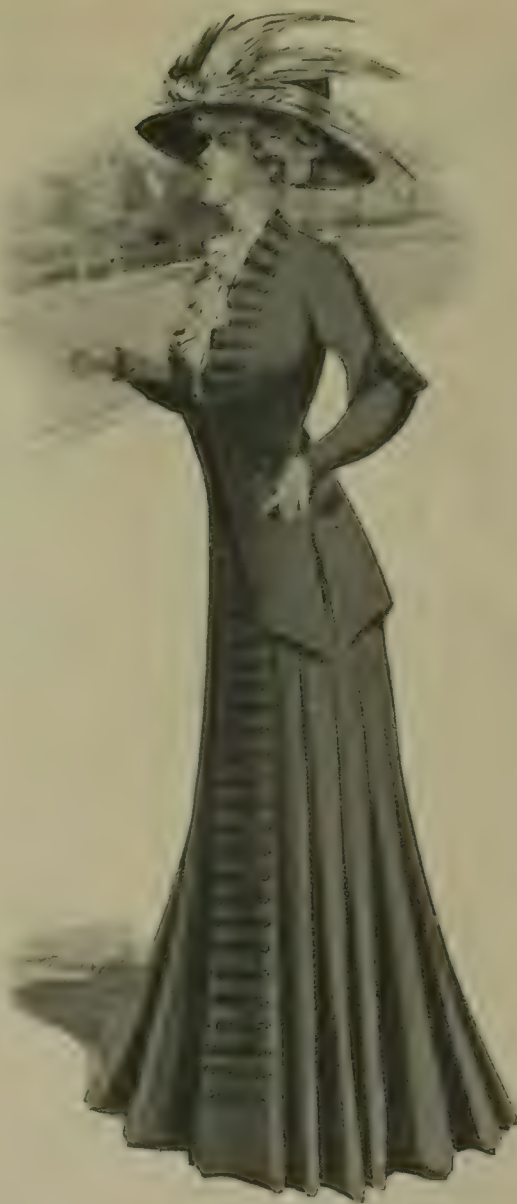
## LADIES' PAGE.

AS the University Extension lectures are attended by so large a number of ladies, the death of Professor Churton Collins under such sad circumstances must have come as a sort of personal sorrow to thousands who had been taught and interested by his lectures on the great ages of our literature. But even to those of us who never saw him, the pathos of his last entries in his diaries will appeal. "What will become of the children if I break down worries me terribly. Enough to provoke suicidal intentions." It so happened that a little while before I read these tragic words I already had been led to reflect anew upon the devotion, the unselfish, heartfelt affection, of good men towards their helpless and dependent children by two quite obscure, yet most moving instances reported in one column of the *Sheffield Daily News* last week. One of these good fathers was a young labouring man of twenty-eight, who fell off a cart and was killed. The man who was with him testified that the dying man said nothing but: "Oh! what will become of my poor wife and bairns?" "After that," said the witness, "he squeezed my hand, but he could not speak again." The next sad tale was that of a man of sixty, the father of young children, who had been unable for a long time to earn much. On this morning he had a job to put coals in a cellar, and he went out to this hard labour absolutely foodless, because "there was only a little bread in the house, and he said he would leave that for the children"—so he died at his toil from exhaustion.

How pathetic it is—and yet how beautiful to see such heights of selflessness attained! Undoubtedly many, probably the great majority, of fathers are capable of a great deal of quiet yet ardent self-devotion to their families. Were it not so, society would break up. But the good, in all the various grades of moral excellence, do vastly outnumber the bad in every respect. As an old business man whom I knew used to say, "People talk of the dishonesty of men—it is their honesty that amazes me, when I think of all the gold being brought over on ship-board, all the millions' worth in money and property that are daily entrusted to employes, and contrast the opportunities with the crimes." In like manner, we ought to be less perturbed by the (too numerous, however) comparatively few men who pare down their home expenses to the lowest limit and neglect every family duty, than admiring and respectful towards the reverse conduct. Women have cause to rejoice at the number of men in all ranks of society who realise the truth of Burns's noble saying—

To make a happy fireside clime  
For weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.

And any woman who has a good husband cannot value him too highly—or treat him too well!



AN AUTUMN COSTUME.

This gown is cut in the modified, Directoire style in dark mulberry cloth, and is trimmed with buttons and braid to match. The wide felt hat is in the same tint, and has white wings.

Day by day now the new winter dresses are appearing, and some indication is forthcoming of the new styles. One of the so-called "great novelties" is, as usual, the reappearance of something old. That is, in this case, ribbed silk with a glossy surface, on which the ribbing makes the lights and shades play beautifully. This revived silken weave is now called by the same name as it was twenty years ago—namely, "Ottoman silk." It is being a great deal used to cover hat-shapes of the very wide variety that are so prevalent. Velvet is rather heavy for this purpose, and plain stretched silk (which is also, however, much used) is a little bare-looking by comparison with the effect of the ribbed Ottoman silk. This, and also faille-Française (another revival), will likewise be employed for gowns for visiting wear. Though the extremes of tightness will not be worn by anybody with pretensions to good-taste, it will be essentially a season of clinging gowns for smart wear, and therefore all the materials used will be, as are the silks just named, very pliable and soft. A stiff brocade or firm taffetas glacé will not drape into the needful softly falling folds, and the hour is propitious for the softest kinds of fabric, whether in cloth or silk. Hence, such materials are being supplied by the shops.

Satin-cloth woven exceedingly fine and supple is another revival, and then there are several varieties of so-called satin that have a woollen admixture, making both for pliability and durability. The new clinging gowns are often draped over with a semi-transparent material, that takes in its own nature the most numerous folds possible and clings closely to the shape of the wearer, of which fabrics crêpe-de-Chine may be taken as the type. Various names are applied to such materials: ninon-de-soie, meteor, charmeuse, Messaline, and what not. If the stuff be fairly firm it is used without any lining, so that its clinging qualities may have their full value, and build satisfactorily the "sheath" frock of afternoon fashion. But in the case of such a material as crêpe-de-Chine or colienne a foundation is necessary, and then that must itself be of one of the clinging silken materials, as the foundation in that case gives the outline, and the very fine, transparent material is but an added grace. Naturally, the petticoat disappears, and its place is taken by woven combined garments, fitting closely to below the knees, where a certain amount of frothy frillies is permissible, made either in silk of the pliable kind or in lace and cobweb-like batiste. Can it be needful to add that such gowns are only fit for fairly slender figures, and the very smartest wear—that they are neither warm enough nor otherwise suited to brave the battle and the breeze, and that for women who have but a few pounds to spend on their wardrobe and must make all their expeditions in trains or omnibuses to ask the small suburban dress-maker to produce such frocks for their use, is absurd? But for the other women it is a delightfully artistic period.

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establishes a matter beyond all question. The most distinguished people of the age unanimously voice the praise of Sanatogen, the Ideal Nerve Food and Restorative.

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"I have used Sanatogen with extraordinary benefit. It is to my mind a true food tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigour to the over-worked body and mind."

*Gilbert Parker*

Mr. MARSHALL HALL, K.C.,  
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"I think it only right to say that I have tried Sanatogen, and I believe it to be a most excellent food."

*Marshall Hall*

Mr. C. B. FRY, the famous cricketer,  
writes:

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"Sanatogen is an excellent tonic food in training, especially valuable in nervous exhaustion, to which men who undergo severe training are liable."

*C. B. Fry*

Sir JOHN HARE, the popular actor,  
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"I have found Sanatogen a most valuable tonic and stimulant during a period when I had to work very hard under conditions of great weakness and ill-health."

*John Hare*

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"Sanatogen has done everything for me which it is said to be able to do for cases of nervous debility and exhaustion. I began to take it after nearly four years enforced idleness from extreme debility, and felt the benefit almost immediately. And now, after taking it steadily three times a day for twelve weeks, I find myself able to enjoy both work and play again, and also able to do as much of both as I ever did."

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE awards in the R.A.C. Dust Trials have just been announced, and the first and second places have gone to a 20-h.p. Buick and an 18-h.p. Reo respectively. These are both cars of the Oldsmobile type, affording more clearance between ground and the under-side of the body than is the case with the more general type of side-chain or live-axle driven car. The success of these two vehicles in their class, surpassing such cars as the Dennis and Alldays, merely emphasises what I have again and again insisted upon in these columns. That is, that a very large percentage of the volume of dust raised by motor-cars is due to the low clearance, the amount of projecting rattle below the floor-level, and such undesirable and objectionable excrescences as under-frame petrol-tanks and tool-boxes. Last year steam-cars showed such marked superiority that this year they were ruled out. A Stanley steam-car, which was

this be done I presume the R.A.C. will vouch for the correctness of all the records so published, and in that case the work will form a particularly valuable

how much truth there was in the dire prognostications. Thirty-eight starters were coloured upon the card: I can only hope, as I write, that many fewer went to the post. It is all foretelling before you know, but, given luck in the matter of his car standing up, and some slight caution to temper his fearlessness upon the day, I should think Mr. John Hargreaves' Darracq, with the nerveless A. E. George at the helm, should come near winning. Of the rest, I fancy Mr. Tom Thornycroft's Thornycroft, Mr. J. E. Hutton's Hutton, and Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon's Métallurgique.

Rumours of artificial rubber and a new cord tyre arrive simultaneously. Of the success of the former, nothing but hard driving on the high-road will convince; but I do not think we have got to the end of cord tyres. Of course, whatever beats the modern Palmer cord tyre will have to be something very near perfection, particularly now that since the introduction of the machine-laid Palmer, their old stone-hard inflation is not insisted upon.



GYANGTSE, SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE FORT.

MOTORING AT THE HIGHEST POINT YET REACHED BY CAR: TO GYANGTSE BY MOTOR-CAR.

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AT TUNA DAK BUNGALOW, ON THE ROAD TO GYANGTSE.

run as a gauging-car, was placed between second and third at twenty miles per hour, and equal to second at thirty miles per hour.

It is the intention of the Committee of the Royal Automobile Club to issue a volume of Records of Motor Racing, compiled by Mr. Gerald Rose. If

book of reference. At present there is nothing of the kind, no attempt having been made to collate "best on records" of all sorts connected with motoring.

By the time these lines see the light, the "Four-Inch Race," which has received such a towelling at the hands of a section of the Press, will be a thing of the past, the winner will be known, and also just



THE HIGHEST PART OF THE JOURNEY—15,700 FEET ABOVE THE SEA-LEVEL.

Since penning the paragraph on cord tyres, I have come into possession of a charmingly produced pamphlet entitled "Economy and Efficiency in Tyres," issued by the Palmer Tyre, Limited, in which the construction and efficiency of this remarkable tyre is most graphically described. All motorists interested in the tyre question should obtain a copy and profit by its perusal.

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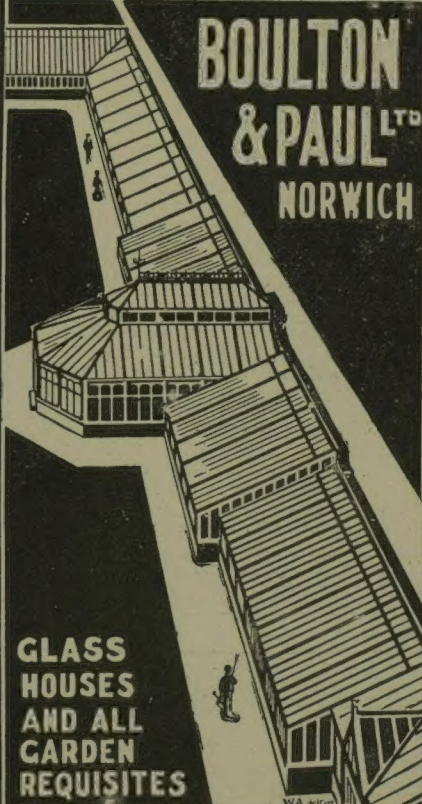
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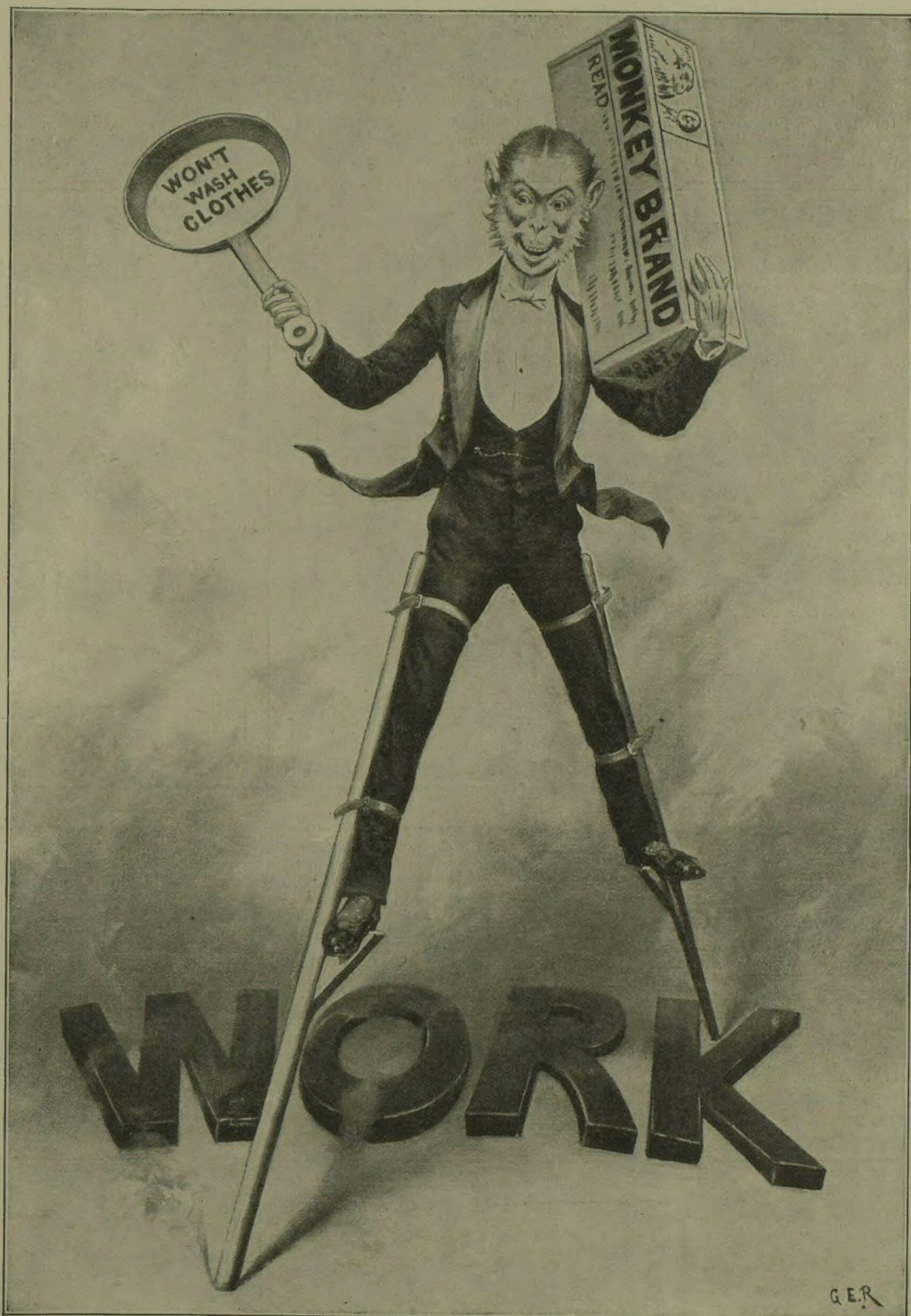
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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SCIENCE AND CRIME—PURSUIT.

RECENTLY, in connection with a crime of a particularly sad and revolting character, more than one newspaper, I noted, wrote of a proposal to photograph the eyes of the victim, in the hope of discovering the murderer. I had really believed that this mythical idea had been finally disposed of, and that no person of intelligence could for a moment suppose that the retina, or sensitive layer, of the eye could retain an image, so that, after a lapse of days, or even hours, a photographic reproduction of the eye's interior—itsself a very difficult matter to obtain—would reveal the impression presumably last received. Novelists have made use of this idea, but of late years I have not remarked its appearance in fiction devoted to the exploitation of detective work in the pursuit of the criminal. All the more astonishing, therefore, was the printing in certain journals of the venerable myth that a photograph of the eye of a murdered person would give a clue to the last person, presumably the murderer, on whom the gaze rested.

A little consideration will show both the grounds which have given origin to the belief in question, and the utter futility of supposing that the dead eye can retain an image, leaving out of sight the obvious difficulties of photographing a structure which lies quite in the background of the organ of vision. The retina, which is the eye's sensitive plate, is an expansion of the optic nerve, or that of sight. It is an extremely delicate structure composed of microscopic elements of great minuteness. When any image is received on the retina, it is transferred—being materialised, if we may use the term—to the seeing-centres in the brain, by which it is submitted to the higher centres, where the consciousness of what is seen may be supposed to be aroused. Now the reception of the many images we perceive in the course of even a few minutes must indicate that their succession must be rapid and their replacement by others very

quick. There can be no permanence of images on the retina therefore, even having regard to the ordinary use of vision. If there is anything approaching to the nature of visual photography represented in the exercise of sight, the fixation of the negative must be but a momentary affair. The real storage of our negatives is a brain matter, a thing of memory, which concerns brain-cells alone.

These, however, are only antecedent objections to the idea that the eye's retina, if it could be photographed at all, under ordinary circumstances would give any definite image whatever. Beyond these objections lies another and far more serious consideration, which seems to me to annihilate all possibility of the eye's yielding up a replica of what it last saw. The moment death occurs, changes of distinct kind are set up in all the bodily tissues, and especially do such changes take place rapidly in the nervous system. The living matter of brain and nerve cells, always delicate and singularly sensitive, at once begins to be disintegrated when vitality ceases. The microscopic elements of the retina are to be numbered among such delicate structures, so that whatever we may think of a living eye, it is clear the dead eye cannot possibly be conceived as capable of retaining an image, even to the temporary extent represented in the living organ. Death, which makes a vast difference to all bodily tissues, operates very quickly in the case of the nervous system, inhibiting for ever the performance of all functions, and converting the active receiving and transmitting media into so much inert matter. Here, therefore, apart again from all inherent difficulties of getting at the eye's interior and background, we discern an objection fatal to the novelist's idea from the outset.

I think I know whence the idea that science could photograph images from the retina of a dead eye originated. A physiologist, once upon a time, made an experiment on the eye of a rabbit, but the experiment was carried out under conditions utterly incapable

of being represented in the mythical detective search of the camera after crime. The rabbit was killed, and the eye, instantly removed, was exposed for a time in front of a window brightly lit. After a sufficient period had elapsed, the eye was not photographed, but examined in a special fashion, and an image of the window-panes and their bars was obtained. This result was only possible of attainment by the special exposure and treatment of the eye. It depended on the fact that in the eye there is formed a substance to which the name of "visual purple" is given—a substance exhausted by exposure to light and renewed in the dark especially. Under conditions in which the activity of this material is preserved in the eye of a recently killed animal, an image may be for a time fixed, but it is very evident that no such process, imperfect as it is, could be represented in the eye of a dead person, in whom the changes incident to death and commencing decay effectually alter all the normal properties of the tissues.

But if science cannot photograph the dead eye with any hope of reproducing the retinal image, she has not been behindhand in the work of affording to the detective many valuable clues to the discovery of crime. Chemical analysis has advanced to a high pitch of perfection. The poisoner to-day who employs any ordinary drug cannot hope to escape if evidence of the existence of the drug is sufficient to convict him. Even substances of very complex and often evanescent nature can be traced by chemical experts, so that the subtle poisoner no longer enjoys a possible immunity from paying the consequences of his crime. Tests for blood have also been improved, and microscopic examination has likewise been so perfected as to render clear matters and details such as in former days were often to be regarded with doubt. Spectrum analysis is also at the command of the detective, and medical science itself can now render valuable assistance in many of its details to the work of determining even whether a crime has been committed or not.

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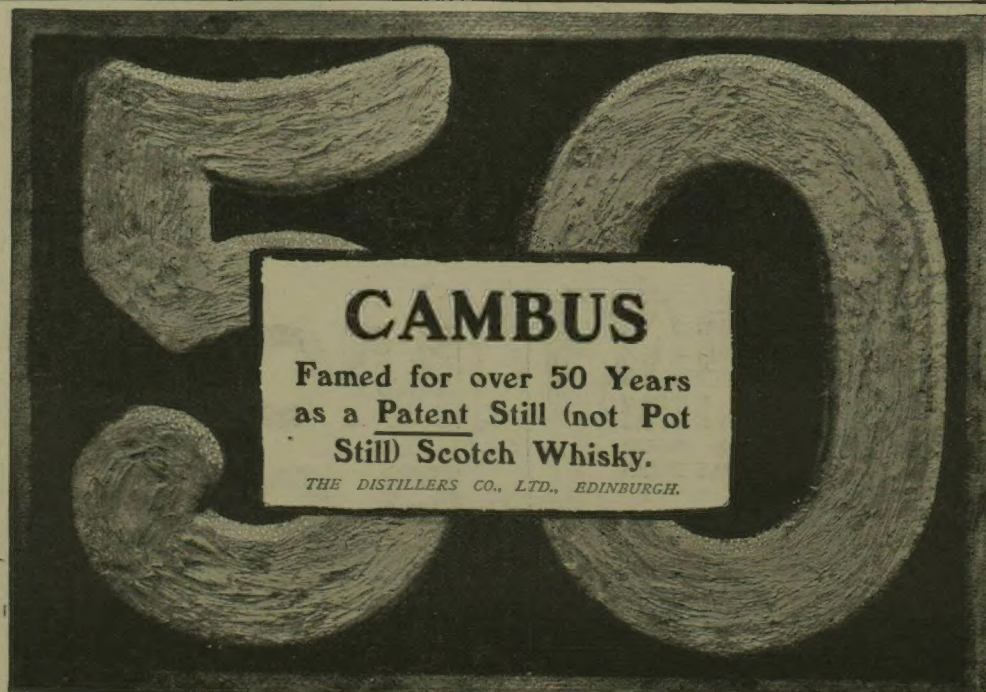
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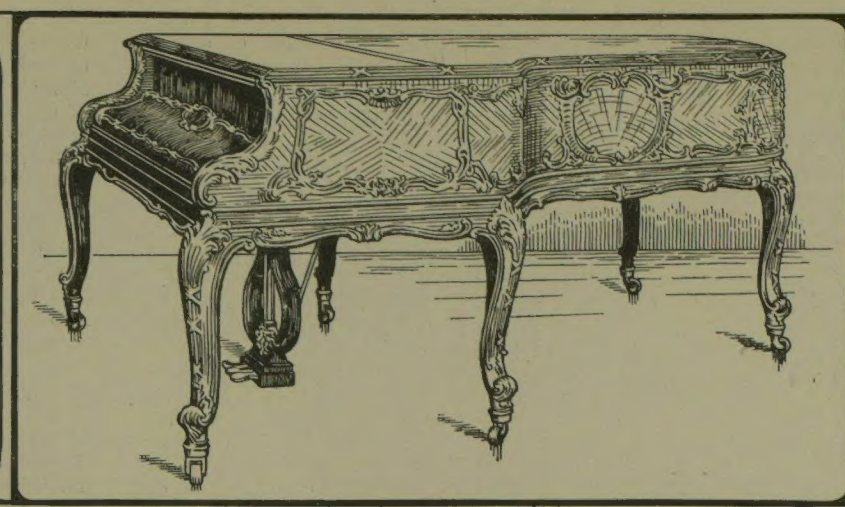


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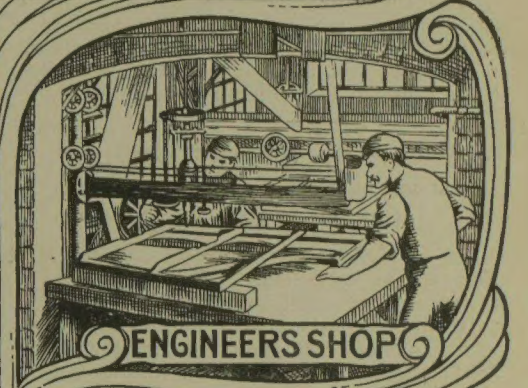
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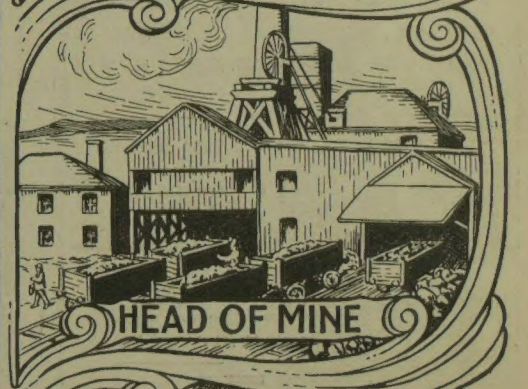
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE week-day services have been resumed at Bow Church, Chapside, and among the autumn preachers will be the Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Brixton. Canon Stuart's Thursday lectures will be resumed on Oct. 1. A course is also to be given by the Rev. F. Relton, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, on "The Christian Archaeology of the City of Rome."

The Bishop of Chester has published a very interesting note, dealing with the Lambeth Conference resolutions on the Athanasian Creed. He quotes the case of Sir John Awdry, father of the Bishop in South Tokio. "Just ninety years ago, Sir John Awdry would have chosen the ministry of the Church, but chose the Law instead because of the difficulties which the use of the *Quicumque* in public worship presented to him. He was a Fellow of Oriel with Mr. Keble, by whom, after the Gorham Judgment, he was consulted as a lawyer and a Churchman." The Lambeth resolution authorises the several churches of the Anglican Communion to decide for themselves what, in their varying circumstances, is desirable.

Bishop Welldon has been taking an active personal interest in the unemployed of Manchester. At a recent Cathedral service, which was attended by several hundreds of their numbers, he expressed his deep sympathy with the lot of honest men who are seeking in vain for work. "It is not the duty of Ministers," he said, "to organise and administer relief work, but it is the duty of the constituted civic authorities." Dr. Welldon added that "there are some of us who would gladly sacrifice a large part of our income for the relief of citizens who are starving in the streets of Manchester."

The Church of England Men's Society continues to make remarkable progress. The number of branches is now 660, and the total membership is nearly 60,000. There are 101 branches in the Colonies, 42 in the Army, and 50 in connection with the Seamen's Guild.

The venerable Bishop Ridley, formerly Bishop of Caledonia, North-West America, has been appointed Rector of Compton-Valence, Dorset. He will be a great addition to the ranks of Dorsetshire parish priests, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to stir up missionary enthusiasm in all parts of the county.

The Bishop of Carlisle, in a recent sermon, made an interesting pronouncement on Christian Socialism. "A Socialism," he said, "which tends to destroy individual character, individual work, individual development is a false and bastard Socialism. On the other hand, I cannot conceive of anyone being a true Christian who is not a Socialist, in the best and highest sense of the word—that is to say, a man who lives for the sake of others rather than for himself." V.

Mr. Andrew Pears, J.P., the president of the Pears' Athletic Club, held in connection with the factory at Isleworth, has presented the club with the ground on which the sports and games have been held. The ground thus conveyed in trust for the club comprises about four acres, and includes a house and outbuildings and a portion used as allotments by members of the club. The value of Mr. Pears's gift to the club is not less than £5,000.

As autumn follows in the wake of summer, changeable weather and cold nights diminish the enjoyment of those who seek rest and change. There is, however, at least one favoured part of the British Isles where the equable day and night, temperature and the soothing influence of the Gulf Stream reduce any such risk to a minimum. On the Cornish Riviera the difference between day and night temperature averages but two degrees. The Great Western Railway Company give every assistance to those who would visit this delectable land by the provision of luxurious express-trains at cheap rates, and supply all information desired on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W., from whom also may be obtained copies of the company's beautifully illustrated and highly interesting travel-books.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated July 30, 1908) of MR. WILLIAM CHRISTIAN MEYER, of Merrywood, Thakeham, near Pulborough, who died on Aug. 20, has been proved by Mrs. Julia Caroline Meyer, the widow, Robert Bravery Attlee, and Edward Wood, the value of the property amounting to £130,725. After the payment of £1,000 to his wife, £1,000 to Thomas Horn-castle, and £100 to Mrs. Maria Patrick, the testator directs that the whole of his property is to be invested and the income paid to Mrs. Meyer. On her decease he gives £3,000 to Peter Luhrs; £1,000 each to Caroline Ruth Schmidt, Olga Luhrs, Bertram Luhrs, and Herman Luhrs; and the residue between his brother Charles Benjamin Meyer, his solicitor Robert Bravery Attlee, and his medical adviser Edward Wood.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1901) of MR. JOHN GRIMDITCH TAYLOR, of The Stone House, Campden Road, South Croydon, and of Taylor and Sons, the Old Corn Exchange, Mark Lane, and 290, Southampton Street, Camberwell, who died on July 19, has been proved, and the value of the property sworn at £50,593. The testator gives £8,100 to each of his daughters Mary Hannah and Kathleen Alice; £100 and an annuity of £50 to his sister, Rhoda Taylor; £100 each to his brothers and sister and others; and the residue to his three sons—Harry Ernest John, Stanley Edgar, and Oscar.

The following important wills have now been proved—  
Mr. Edward Wylam, Hunton Court, Maidstone . . . £74,183  
Lord Petre, Thorndon Hall, Brentwood . . . £51,005  
Mr. Hugh Cullen, St. Joseph's Mount, Old Swan, Liverpool . . . £43,020  
Mr. Francis Sudbury, Field House, Ilkeston . . . £41,072  
Mr. James Henry Palmer, King's Road, Great Yarmouth . . . £49,818  
Mr. John Collinson Quickfall, Marlborough Villas, Headingley, Leeds . . . £30,127  
Mr. Henry Page, Banbury, Oxford . . . £23,361  
Miss Louise Ann Bult, Stoke House, near Coventry . . . £21,202

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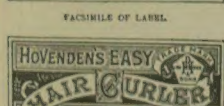
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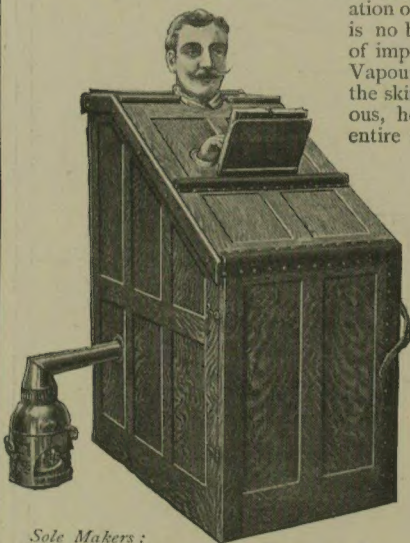
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